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ELINOR PRESTON;

OR,

SCENES AT HOME AND ABROAD.

BY MRS. J. SADLIER.

(Continued from our last.)

I was strongly tempted to write an account of Larue's visit for the benefit of Lady —— and her friends, but on second consideration I came to the conclusion that it would be no earthly use. How could I make those see who would not choose to see? The *Record* was, I knew, Gospel, and my annotations would be worse than heresy. Still I could not help wishing that my kind but much deceived patroness had been present in my school-room when I questioned the children on the subject of Larue's summary expulsion from the various houses. The answer almost invariably was: "why, ma'amselle, because he spoke bad of the Blessed Virgin. Mother said it would be a sin to listen to him."

"To be sure it would," said another; "wouldn't Our Lord be very angry with any one that spoke ill of His Mother? There's Pierre Laracque gave Jean Brousseau a good pounding the other day because he said his mother was a liar. And doesn't Our Lord love His Mother as well as Pierre loves his? Yes, and a great deal better, too, for the Blessed Virgin was far better than any other mother."

It was a great consolation to me to find the entire population of the place so thoroughly devoted to our common patroness, before whose image, in our little quiet church, so many of my hours are happily spent. The faith and piety of the people endeared my retirement more and more to my world-corroded heart, and I daily thanked that divine Son who had given us such a Mother to be our solace in this world of sorrow. Latterly I am more and more drawn to the miraculous Presence ever abiding in the sanctuary. The pale, flickering light of its solitary lamp is as the star of hope to my soul, raising it unconsciously above the things of this world, and with it in view, I can gaze unmoved even on the heaviest sorrows my heart has known. Well for me that the joys and loves of earth have relaxed their hold upon my heart, for I have heard within the past year of Alfred's death. Consumption—my mother's fatal legacy—blighted his early manhood, and before he had completed his twenty-fifth year he was called from this world to enter, I trust, upon the joy of his Lord. A year or two ago this would have been a severe affliction, but now I have a sort of melancholy pleasure in the thought that another of our little band is gathered into the heavenly fold. It was Emily who informed me of Alfred's happy passage to eternity, and I believe I caught a portion of her sweetly tranquil resignation. She told me that our brother had fallen asleep in Christ, and why should we sorrow. He died as he had lived for the last few years, honored and esteemed by his brethren in religion for those early virtues which had so soon ripened to their eternal fulness, and clothed in the habit of an illustrious order, specially devoted to Our dear Redeemer. "Why, then," said Emily again, "should we mourn his early death? Let us rather praise God, my sister, that he obtained grace to fight the good fight and trample on the vanities of this world!—and let us pray that we, too, may, each in our respective states, follow his bright example, that with him and our loved ones gone before, we may enjoy the eternal blessedness of the just made perfect." Still, nature had her rights, and my softened heart was keenly sensible to the feeling of increased loneliness. Often did I retire to a favorite seat under the shade of an old elm by the churchyard wall, and there, alone with the dead, my tears flowed freely for the beloved brother who had so lately joined that shadowy host. Before these natural and most refreshing tears were dry upon my cheek I had another trial of a most ludicrous kind.

It so happened that for the last twelve months Mr. Le Comte having been unable to procure a suitable teacher for his male school, I had voluntarily taken charge of all the boys under eight years old, in addition to my own school. The amount of my daily labor was, of course, considerably increased, and, in order to get through with all the lessons, I was, moreover, obliged to keep the school open an hour longer. This I felt the more sensibly, as I have for some months past been much weakened by a distressing pain in my right side.

One day during school-hours I had a visit from the priest, who, after his usual kindly chat with the children, informed me with a smile that he had at length found a male teacher in whose competency he had the utmost confidence. I said I was very glad to hear it.

"So you ought, mademoiselle, since it will lessen your labor considerably."

"Oh! I don't so much mind that, sir, as I do the want of secular instruction on the part of your larger boys, and the great difficulty of finding a really good teacher. When does your gentleman commence his school?"

"Him!—oh! *he* is ready any time!—if we can only agree upon the terms!" he added, with a smile that rather puzzled me, but I made no remark, and there the matter ended.

Next day, just as I had dismissed my noisy little flock, and was preparing for a quiet stroll in the company of quaint old Geoffrey Chaucer, my egress was impeded by the sudden apparition of a living *fac simile* of that venerable individual, as my imagination loves to portray him—old almost to decrepitude, yet not decrepid, notwithstanding the "shrunk shanks" which seemed to bend beneath the weight of the body, frail as that was—a countenance that might be called fresh, when compared with the rest of the body, and an eye still full of intelligence, keen, and observant. This, with the appropriate finish of some gray elf-locks falling from under a large, old-fashioned, quaker-like hat, was the picture that now occupied my doorway. There was no going out now I clearly saw, for the visitor was no less a person than the Seigneur's *younger* brother, Mr. Edonard, as the villagers called him. *Uncle Ned* he would have been in another country.

"Good evening, ma'amselle," said the cheerful and somewhat polished old man; "you were going out, I perceive."

"Oh! that is of no consequence, Mr. Edonard," I said, "your visit does me honor. Pray be seated." He was seated accordingly.

"Good evening, Mother Longpre!" he next said, "always busy, I see!"

"Why, yes, sir; there's nothing to be made of idleness. I'm glad to see you down so far, Mr. Edonard!—how's the rheumatism, sir?"

"Pooh! pooh! it's gone long ago, quite gone. I haven't pain or ache now, thank God!"

"Indeed, I'm glad to hear it, sir!—sure enough, you do stand it well for a man of your age. I think it's growing young you are!"

For some reason or other this compliment had a contrary effect to that projected by the old woman. Mr. Edonard took her up very shortly!

"Why to hear *you*, Mother Longpre! one would think I was very old indeed!"

"Well! you're not very young, I know for certain, Mr. Edonard. But I meant no harm, sir, I assure you. Ma'amselle! I'm going to milk the cow—will you please to mind that bread in the oven till I come back?"

The old gentleman was evidently self-pleased at her departure, and, fearing, I suppose, her too speedy return, proceeded at once to business.

"Has Monsieur le Cure told you, mademoiselle! that I am going to take charge of his school?"

This was really a surprise, and I answered very quickly! "Why, no, Mr. Edonard—he told me he had found a first-rate teacher, or something to that effect, but he mentioned your name. How can you possibly think of such a thing—with your attainments, and ——." I was going to say "at your time of life," but I had profited too well by the little dialogue with Ma'am Longpre, and stopt just in time. "Surely," I said, "the salary is no object to you."

"Not the smallest, my dear young lady, I do assure you. It is the prospect of doing good, of devoting my time to children of whom I am so fond, and ——" he paused, coughed slightly, and looked at me—seeing me, I suppose perfectly calm and unconscious, the old fogie went on though with some embarrassment, which, at the moment, I could by no means understand.

"I am fond of society, mademoiselle ——"

"So I have always observed," said I, very much puzzled by this remark; "fortunately, you have so large a circle within your brother's family that you have no need to seek society beyond it."

"Ah! you are mistaken mademoiselle!—I do not mean that society—no!—no!—I had always heard the vicar say that you were very lonely here, so far away from your friends and country, and—and—" he again hesitated, and this time I felt rather awkward myself—"in short, you always seemed to relish *my* company (so I had, on account of his quaintly *unique* character and appearance), so I thought we might just make a match of it, and, living here nicely together, you teach the girls and I the boys!" He wheezed out a long breath when he had thus delivered himself and seemed much relieved.

I can hardly say whether I was most inclined to laugh or cry—when I asked myself the question. "Has it come to this with me?" I felt as though the old Adam was urging me to resent what pride represented as an insult, but my sober judgment dictated a more prudent course, and I burst into a hearty laugh, affecting to treat the proposal as a joke.

"Well, really, Mr. Edonard," said I, "I never gave you credit for so much drollery,—you act your part to the very life, and have made a capital joke of it. I am very glad, however, that neither Ma'am Longpre nor her daughter happened to hear you, for they must really have thought you quite serious, and that, you know, would have made you so very ridiculous! But, indeed! I owe you many thanks, for I was in a very pensive mood when you came in, and your droll conceit has given me such a laugh as will do me good." The old man's countenance fell, and he looked quite abashed.

"But, mademoiselle," he stammered out, "you are again mistaken. I don't see anything so very ridiculous——"

Luckily I just then heard old Marie's foot on the path without, and I eagerly interrupted him. "For pity's sake, not a word more, sir—I would not on any account that such an absurd idea should get abroad, even in jest. Be composed; I beg of you, for here comes Mother Longpre! who has got very sharp eyes of her own."

During the remainder of the visit, I managed so that Marie never left the room, seeing which, and inferring from my manner, that he had not the ghost of a chance, the fanciful old dotard soon removed himself from my presence, to my no small relief, for as long as he stayed, I felt myself under a very painful restraint.

On the following day, Mr. Le Comte came to tell me that he had lost his male teacher. "I need not tell you how or why, Miss Preston!" said he, with his calm smile, "at least I think so. But how to account for the original plan on the part of our would-be *employe*—that is the point!"

"*I* can easily account for it, sir," said I, "by means of an old proverb in common circulation amongst us at home—'an old fool's the worst of any.'"

"Good!" said the priest, "very good, indeed! I should be sorry, however, to have you say so before our poor old friend, for he is a really good man—simple as a child and guileless, too."

"I have no doubt of it, sir," I replied, "but I think at his time of life, he ought to mind his prayers and begin to wean himself from the world instead of indulging in idle vagaries."

"You are right, my child! quite right," said the good vicar with a sudden change of manner, fixing his eyes thoughtfully on the blue water before us; "when our life *may*, at any moment, and *must*, in a few short years, merge in the shoreless gulf of eternity, why should we, any of us, as you say, indulge in idle vagaries? Vanity of vanities, and all is vanity!"

One Sunday, about a month after, when the priest commenced publishing the bans the first on the list was: "between Edonard Garneau, son of deceased Rene Garneau, and deceased Angele Thessier, of this parish on the one part, and Therese Dumont, daughter of Michel Jobin, and Rose Carron, of the parish of St. —— on the other."

So great a sensation did this *ban* produce amongst the congregation that I think there was little attention paid to the others. Mr. Edonard was decidedly one of the oldest men in the parish, and might reasonably be the grandfather of Therese Dumont, who was hardly out of her teens, and, morever, one of the prettiest girls in the two parishes. For my part, I was amused but not surprised. I saw at a glance that the self-conceited old bachelor being wofully mortified by the manner of my refusal as well as the refusal itself, had made up his mind to let me see that he could get a wife any day both younger and prettier than I. As for the girl herself, it was a great *uprise* for her, she being only the daughter of a *very* small farmer, who found it hard enough to make all ends meet, being burdened with a young and numerous family. So, of course, Therese and her parents were delighted with the prospect of her marrying into the Garneau family, and it probably never once occurred to the giddy and light-hearted girl that she was making a sacrifice. The gain, she thought, was all hers, the condescension all old Edonard's. Happy state of insensibility! may it continue through life—it may, in such a disposition as that of Therese.

The secret of Mr. Edonard's matrimonial speculations was only known, however, to the priest and myself. To the rest of the congregation it was the wonder of the day, and to say the truth, Therese's singular good fortune

was much more talked of than even the astonishing disparity of years. The burden of the old song was quite lost sight of, if it were ever heard of in that locality, and people seemed to think that in defiance of its axiom: "May and December *can" sometimes* "agree."

Mr. Le Comte told me next time I saw him that he had earnestly remonstrated with the old man on his strange project, but all to no purpose—married he would and should be. He was his own master, he hoped, and he saw no reason why he should not have a wife as well as anybody else.

On the Sunday following the marriage, just as I was leaving my own door, prayer-book in hand, going to Grand Mass, who should rattle past me in a caleche but Mr. Edonard and his bride, the latter in the full glory of her bridal costume, white veil, white ribbons, and some very whitish shawl. I affected not to notice who was passing, but the spruce old bridegroom was determined that I *should* notice them.

"Good day, ma'amselle, good day," said he, with a very animated air, a very patronizing bow, and quite an exulting smile. I could hardly keep from laughing in his face, but the pretty bride turned her face full on me, and it was so bright, so full of the childish vanity attending on her new position that I could not bear to laugh at her old man, lest it might in any degree lessen her girlish triumph. So I smiled and bowed and returned the "good day," with the easiest possible air of good-humor, and on the caleche rolled to astonish others of the natives. I rather think, however, that the old gentleman's mortification was not small on finding me take the matter so coolly. I suppose he thought I should have been grievously piqued—poor, simple old man!

Somehow the affair reminded me, however, of my poor Aunt Kate and the practical joke played upon her and "honest Tom," by the most illustrious of wags—so many years before. It was the signal for a host of half-buried recollections to start into sudden life.

"Awake but one, and lo! what myriads rise!"

As I took my solitary walk that evening by the river's bank, I involuntarily began to review the leading events of my past life. They were all before me "in varied sheen bedight" —and as I retraced the several periods when so many of my friends and acquaintances had disappeared from my view in "the waves of time," leaving me a stranger and *alone* on the opposite side of the earth, I could almost fancy that the past was but a wild, changeful dream. "No, Elinor Preston!" said I within myself, "those pictures from which you at times lift the veil for your private contemplation, they are not—cannot be real—you never *had* a family circle—you never lived in a world of mirth and gaiety—the haunts of fashion you never knew—the scenes of old renown and the romantic beauties of distant lands you must have seen but in dreams—and the living, loving hearts who made even joy more dear—they, too, were creatures of the imagination. There's no use keeping up the delusion longer—you never had an Aunt Kate. You must have had a father and mother—that's plain—but, bless you! they weren't what you fancy them at this distance of time—George and Alfred and Carry, and even Emily are all visionary personages, just as unreal to you as the stout old Baron of '41, of whom your childhood heard so much. Even Shaugh, staunch and sturdy, and humorous as you represent him to yourself, was but a puppet like the rest, strutting his little hour on the dreamy stage of your past life." Amused at this strange freak of fancy, I yet asked myself, "Is there not sound philosophy in it after all—what is *the past* but a dream to any of us?" The thought was mournful but not painful. Mechanically I had taken the path that led to the churchyard, and, opening the little gate, I walked in, murmuring to myself those words of Scott:

"Time rolls his ceaseless course! the race of yore
Who danced our infancy upon their knee,
And told our marvelling boyhood legends hoar
Of their strange ventures happ'd by land or sea,
How are they blotted from the things that be!"

"Here at least and at last is reality!" I thought as I looked around at the little grassy hillocks where

"Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

"If life be as the poet tells us 'all but a dream at the best,' here it is that the dream ends, and how little should I, for one, care how soon I pass into the world of spirits, where the kindly hearts that alone bound me to this vale of tears almost all await me. I am calm and tranquil now, but not happy—oh, no! for the void that we all feel within us—the craving for some future good is in me painfully sensible. I have ceased to dwell upon the past, and begin to live in the future. I wonder how Emily feels, or does she in any degree share my feelings. Oh! if I only had her here, I think I could be happy—but this utter isolation is overwhelming to my heart, and makes me long for the world beyond the grave where I may humbly hope to enjoy for ever the glorious vision of God and His saints—may I find amongst them all I have lost!"

(To be concluded in our next.)

RECENT IRISH CONTRIBUTIONS TO SCIENCE.

[From the Newry Examiner.]

While our Laurences and Barnards, and Wheelers, and Kavanaghs are maintaining (would it were in a better cause) the reputation of their predecessors and countrymen, the Wellingtons, the Cootes and the Goughs in one direction, let us see, if in another, the divine direction of universal truth, we have any men to represent the Boyles, the Molyneuxes, the Blacks, the Browns, and the Kirwans to whom, in the past, we point with such high and rational pride.

Without presuming to fix the precise position which Lord Ross occupies among living astromers, or to particularize his individual contributions to the fund of celestial fact, it is still something to say, that his monster telescope is, in itself, an astronomical fact of very high import; import, because behind such a marvel of inventive and mechanical ability, is the distinct existence of a little world of cognate sciences and arts, of which it is the evidence and the most extraordinary embodiment, in its way, which any country has produced. Merely to say, that the circumference of its speculum is near twenty feet, that a man six feet high could walk upright into it at that extremity of the tube, and that its weight is such as to require a four horse power to remove it—is quite enough to convey a general conception of its gigantic proportions. After this it is scarcely necessary to say, that, in every particular and as a whole, it throws the celebrated Herschel's far into the shade, while we have seen it vouched for in the *University Magazine*, some few years ago, that sooner than let this noble gift to science be produced out of Ireland or be the work of foreign artists, Lord Ross put himself to a vast expense and corresponding labor. It is, then, the design of an Irish genius, the work of Irish hands on the Irish soil, it crowns an Irish observatory, and, we believe in the main and where practicable in the *minutiæ*, it is also Irish in *materiel*.

Connected with Birr is another scientific and mechanical curiosity, the invention of Mr. Cooke, who wrote a history of the town, some thirty years ago, and whose observatory and museum are additional local attractions. This invention for which the ingenious designer received a vote of thanks from the British Association, in 1843, is a clock whose "pendulum is detached and its motion sustained by the mementary effect of gravitation as it passes the quiscent point, while the wheel work is at rest, and in no manner connected with a bar which gives the impulse!"

In the same department, and for similar services, we have to mention the Irish name of Cooper. At his observatory at Macree, Mr. Cooper has composed the astronomical chart to the publication of which the Royal Society of London is now giving its parliamentary grant, at the very time that the government of France are similarly engaged with the star chart of M. Chacornac. It is by the assistance of Mr. Cooper's catalogue that astronomers have recently detected the strange fact, that 77 stars previously catalogued are now missing! Thus (if we may be pardoned for uniting the sublime with the ridiculous), while one Irishman tells the world of these extraordinary fugitives, another, in the person of "the man of Ross," goes after them on the wings of light!

M'Cullagh, Haughton, Stokes, Welsh, and other Irish names hold an equally high place in kindred fields of research. In 1851 the Royal Irish Academy instituted a series of tidal observations round the Irish coast, the results of which, as they come through the hands of Professor Haughton, constitute an important subscription to the stock of tidal knowledge. His line of determination between the solar and lunar influences, was a "problem," says Dr. Lloyd, "which has been now for the first time accomplished." M'Cullagh and Stokes have entered deeply with the French, British, and German physicists into the subtle question of light, and Welsh is the Irish name of the astronomer whom the British Association has placed over its new model observatory at Kew.

As the Royal Irish Academy was the first society in Europe to unite pure theoretic science and the practical application of abstruse principles to social purposes, so the late University Reforms in England are acknowledged by the *Morning Herald* to have been anticipated by Trinity College, Dublin, by many years. To Dr. Lloyd of this University, who is the present president of the British Association, and Dr. Callan of Maynooth, the wonderful sciences of magnetism and electricity owe much. These are the authors of those wonderful magnetic observations "which have since been extended until, in the remotest corners of the world, the operations of the mysterious power are now simultaneously observed and accurately recorded." In pure mathematical investigation and its application to the speculative sciences, we believe Europe has not a subtiler intellect than that which lately presided over section A. Robinson is truly a high name of which Irish scholars are justly proud.

Turning now to the men who sustain our reputation in practical ingenuity and the application of the knowledge of nature's secrets to society's wants, we have at least as much to say. Confining ourselves at present to the very circumscribed limits chalked out in the heading of these reminiscences, we must pass over the important department of medicine, in which our Cramptons, and Corrigans, and Marshes, and Stokes, and Wildes, and Graves, and Cusacks are so high and so numerous as to give the Irish school of medicine and surgery a world-wide reputation. Considering our space, this is a limitation which we can't regret; and we come at once to the names of Griffiths, Sullivan, and Johnson, whose eminently practical discoveries have brought them so prominently before the association and the country.

Mr. Griffith is "the father of Irish geology." His exhaustless industry has given the science a body of fact, in relation to this country alone, which we think has scarcely a parallel in the similar labors of any one man living. We do not take this opinion from anybody. Whoever has opened any book whatever about Ireland, geographical, agricultural, scenic, statistical, as well as geological, will find himself constantly stumbling on the repeated name of Griffiths. His works may be truly styled the Irish typographical scriptures. This is high measurement we know, but we know also the stature of the man is proportionately high.

Mr. Sullivan, the Irish chemical analyst, holds about the same place in his peculiar field of investigation in this country. Like the last named gentleman he comes to his work with a profound theoretical preparation, and he strains it in every possible way in turning it to practical purposes. In the quiet laboratory, he is constantly eliminating new phases of elemental phenomena for the general purposes of truth, but every now and then he turns from this as some industrial project is started, having the development of our resources in view. He has helped us to make the most beautiful candles from the black wet bog, before our doors; and he has taught us to do, as France and Saxony have done, to dig the sugar which goes to our tables out of our own fields. We don't know whether he ever shouted "Hurrah," or thinks of St. Patrick, or King William, all we are sure of in this way is ——he must be a great patriot.

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We hope in the little which thus so far we have contributed to this inquiry there is something creditable to the "old land."

SHEEP AND KINE VS. MEN.

Perusing the details of the Indian news one is struck with the fact that, amidst the awful chaos of Empire—amidst the flight of Queen's troops, the death of Queen's Generals, the massacre of Queen's subjects—one body of men seems to be fighting in that hopeless contest with a bravery and heroism worthy of a better cause. We allude to the 78th Highlanders. Whence came these men; and what of their kindred and country? As their name implies, they are from the Highlands of Scotland. They, like the Connaught Rangers and the Enniskillen Dragoons, and many other Regiments now and in times past winning what is called "glory" for England, are of the Celtic stock. Doctor James Brown, in his "History of the Highlands and Highland Clans," informs us that, in 1757, "Pitt prevailed upon George II. to appoint the Hon. Simon Fraser, son of the unfortunate Lord Lovat, who had himself, when a youth, been forced into the Rebellion by his father, Lieutenant Colonel Commandant of a Regiment, to be raised among his own kinsmen and clan. Though not possessed of an inch of land, yet, such was the influence of clanship, that young Lovat, in a few weeks, raised a corps of eight hundred men, to which were added upwards of six hundred more by the gentlemen of the country and those who had obtained commissions."

In alluding to these men we wish to call attention to the origin and character of this Regiment, and the policy of Britain towards the very people who, in a few weeks, supplied, at the call of one young, landless chief, upwards of fourteen hundred of such men! We wish, also, to note that this was but one among many similar instances. The Highlands of Scotland, then, and often since—like the green plains of Ireland—poured their strength into the ranks of England, to carry her power to the ends of the earth and bring wealth to her coffers. And, as misrule, and famine, and disease produced by misrule, have done in Ireland, so have they in that land swept the people off the face of their long cherished, bravely defended, and dearly loved land. During the century which has elapsed since *the* embodying of the 78th Highlanders, deeds have been committed, and a regular system has been pursued towards their kindred at home, which have no parallel perhaps in history excepting what Ireland herself and India afford. The Highland glens of Caledonia have been swept of their Celtic human inhabitants to make room for the sheep of the Saxon, whose dog was valued more in the eye of the law than a whole clan of brave Gaels. The Gael would not, and did not, bow the knee to Mammon; he was contented, day by day, to seek his daily bread, by the honest means of direct industry. He would not cease to trust in Providence, and give his soul to wealth, and his body to the craft which is necessary to the production of wealth; so he was voted an idle incumberer of the ground, and his place given to the sheep of him whose sole superiority, according to the Saxons' advocate, Dr. Knox, is his taste and talent for creature comforts, and all that contribute to them.

Already the suicidal policy thus pursued towards the Celt tells; and the efforts at recruiting in 1857 contrast sadly with the success which attended the call made by young Fraizer upon his clansmen in 1757. But now the Scottish Gael, generally, is in a somewhat different mood, and one from which he is not very likely to be roused by the call to arm for the defence of British interests. * * * * * *

The foe is at the wall, and now—now, Albion, call upon your Pollocks and your ducal Sutherlands. They, whom you aided in hunting a noble race to exile and the grave, will surely aid you in your hour of need. Seek now, in the valleys of Ireland and Scotland, for the Celt whose prowess maintained your glory. Seek, seek in vain; they are gone—"gone with a vengeance." Their dying wail wrung no tear of pity from you—their cry for justice reached not your heart. Sheep and oxen graze over the now desolate fields where once lived a generous and virtuous people; where extermination was your fondest dream. Call now to your standard these more favored subjects whose comfort has been your care. Will *they* save your foundering fortunes? The only regiments now that in all your armies maintain for a moment your sinking fame, are of that race whom you would exterminate. Oh, righteous Heaven, thy ways are inscrutable—thy justice is indefeasible!

THE "BRILLIANT EXAMPLE" OF PATRICK KAVANAGH.

"This gallant fellow, so honorably mentioned by General Havelock as setting a 'brilliant example' when he was 'cut to pieces,' was, we learn from the *Independent*, a Wexford man."

We find the above in the columns of our Dublin contemporary, the *Freeman*, who has it from that precious sycophant, and wretched Whig rag, the *Wexford Independent*, a paper never properly at home but when lauding the aristocracy. The writer wishes to become eloquent on poor Patrick Kavanagh's "brilliant example." Such, we are aware, is the twaddle, generally used in describing deeds of war. But what in reality did this "brilliant example" consist of? Patrick Kavanagh took "the shilling," and the result to him, poor fellow, was, that he was killed in a scrimmage with the Indian Sepoys. He ran at them with his bayonet, and they cut him up, and he is now no more. He merely did his duty. He acted as every brave Irishman does; he thought to lay the foe prostrate at his feet, but he got the worst of the affair, and he died.

As to the "brilliant example," we fancy that the poor fellow would have earned just as much "glory" at home in Wexford, cutting corn with a hook, or digging potatoes with a spade, as in striving to run his bayonet through an ill-treated, and ill-governed Sepoy. His example in a "reap," or amongst a field full of potato-diggers might just be as "brilliant" as in the tented field.

But the language of Havelock, who first sounded unfortunate Kavanagh's fame, is the common phraseology of all those who wish to shed a halo on the trade of the soldier, who hires himself to follow the beck of his commander. We maintain, however, that no act can be laudable except it is done in a good cause; and that no example can be brilliant unless it is performed on behalf of truth, justice, and freedom. If Kavanagh was sustaining justice and freedom, his deeds were brilliant; but if he were aiding tyranny and plunder his acts were a scandal and a shame.—*Dundalk Democrat.*

A ROMANCE—JOHN SOBIESKI AND CHAS. EDWARD STUART.—The following curious statement is made by a correspondent of *Notes and Queries:* "The history I heard of these two brothers is, that Prince Charles Edward Stuart had a son by his wife, Princess Louisa of Stolberg. She was, as every one knows, an unprincipled woman, and she entered into a mercenary agreement with the Hanoverian Government in England that, for a certain annuity to be paid to her, she would, without her husband's consent, give up her child into the hands of any person they should appoint to receive him, to be brought up a private gentleman. A Captain Hay was sent to take possession of the little Prince. He brought him to England, and treated him as his own son. He afterwards lived with him, partly in England and partly in Italy, and when he grew up was married to his daughter. They had one son, who married a Miss Allan, and he took her name as she had a considerable fortune. The secret of his birth was disclosed to the Prince by his foster father, Captain Hay, and by the Prince to his son, Hay Allan, who became the father of two sons, John Sobieski and Charles Edward. Their father and grandfather both had an annual income from the English Government, on the condition that they were to be silent as to the secret of their parentage. The two brothers now living are not bound by any promise of secresy, and never accepted money from the Hanoverian family. It is certain that they possess relics and documents which can only be accounted for by supposing them really to be members of the royal family of Stuart. Prince Charles married a relation of Lord Waterford's, and had several children."

A pedestrian named Lambert, has just completed one thousand miles in one thousand hours, and won one thousand dollars by the feat. He was remarkably fresh at the conclusion.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF O'CONNELL.

BY WILLIAM J. O'N. DAUNT, ESQ., OF KILCASCAN, COUNTY CORK.

CHAPTER XXI.

Kilworth Mountains—Recollections of Highwaymen—Harry Deane Grady—How to make a Corporal civil—Accident on the Road—Arrival at Fermoy—Arrival at Cork—Youghal—The Soda Water Bottle—Tim Driscoll—Remarks on Courtship—O'Connell's Estimation of Posthumous Fame.

NIGHT had fallen before we began to ascend the mountains of Kilworth. The cold was intense, and the roads were slippery from the frost. O'Connell, who had spent the day reading the "*Perpetuite de la Foi*," now got into an anecdotal strain, and told stories of the gangs of robbers that had formerly infested these defiles. The last remaining robber was shot about the year 1810, by the postmaster of Fermoy. Several persons had been robbed a short time previously; whereupon the postmaster and another inhabitant of Fermoy, hired a chaise and drove to the mountains of Kilworth. The robber spied the chaise, and came to rob, upon which the postmaster shot him dead.

"There was," said O'Connell, "a narrow causeway thrown across a glen, which formed a peculiarly dangerous part of the old road; it was undefended by guard-walls, and too narrow for two carriages to pass abreast. The post-boys used to call it 'the delicate bit;' and a ticklish spot it surely was on a dark night, approached at one end from a steep declivity. My first circuit was in 1799. After the Cork assizes, I agreed to post to Dublin with Harry Deane Grady. When we reached Fermoy, we found the inns quite crowded with the judges, their suite, and their yeomanry escort, so that Grady and I were forced to eat our dinner in a corner of the tap-room. Whilst we were there, a corporal of dragoons and three privates came in, and sat down to drink. Grady and I were anxious to provide powder and ball for our pistols, as we had to pass through these mountains of evil name upon our journey; and with this purpose, Grady turned to the corporal, and said:

"'*Soldier*, will you sell me some powder and ball?'

"'Sir, I don't sell powder,' returned the corporal, tartly.

"'Will you, then, have the kindness to buy me some?' said Grady; 'I believe the fellows that are licensed to sell it here are very chary of it.' (It was the year after the rebellion, and public confidence was not yet restored.)

"'Sir,' replied the corporal, 'you may go yourself—I am no man's messenger but the king's.'

"I soon afterwards whispered to Grady: 'I wonder, Grady, that *you* who have so much mother wit, should have been guilty of the blunder of calling the corporal "*Soldier*." Did you not see the mark of his rank upon his sleeve? You have grievously wounded his pride, and turned him against us, by thus undervaluing him in the eyes of his own soldiers, whom, doubtless, he keeps at a distance, and amongst whom he plays the officer.' Grady said nothing, and in a minute or two *I* addressed the offended corporal. '*Serjeant*,' said I, 'I am very glad you and your brave fellows here had not the trouble of escorting the judges this wet day. It was excellent business for those yeomanry chaps.'

"'Aye, indeed, sir,' said the corporal, very civilly, and obviously much flattered at my having called him '*Serjeant*,'—'it was well for those that were not under these torrents of rain.'

"'Perhaps, serjeant,' resumed I, 'you would have the kindness to procure me some powder and ball in town; we are to pass the Kilworth mountains, and shall want ammunition. *You* can of course have no difficulty in purchasing—but it is not to every one they'll sell these matters.'

"'Sir,' said my corporal, 'I shall have very great pleasure in requesting your acceptance of a small supply of powder and ball. My balls will, I think, just fit your pistols. You'll stand in need of ammunition, for there are some of those out-lying rebelly rascals on the mountains.'

"Harry Grady was greatly amused at the brilliant success of my civility to the corporal. 'Ah, Dan,' said he, 'you'll go through the world fair and easy, I foresee.'

"Our warlike preparations, however, were not needed. The robbers did not attack us, and on the third day we got safely to Dublin.

"Harry Grady was a very dexterous cross-examiner. I remember a good specimen of his skill in this respect, at an assizes at Tralee, where he defended some still-owners who had recently had a scuffle with five soldiers. The soldiers were witnesses against the still-owners. Harry Grady cross-examined each soldier in the following manner, out of hearing of his brethren, who were kept out of court: 'Well, soldier, it was a murderous scuffle, wasn't it?' 'Yes.' 'But you weren't afraid?' 'No.' 'Of course you weren't. It is part of your sworn duty to die in the king's service if needs must. But, if *you* were not afraid, maybe others were not quite so brave? Were any of your comrades frightened? Tell the truth now.' 'Why, indeed, sir, I can't say but they were.' 'Ah, I thought so. Come, now, name the men who were frightened—on your oath, now.'

"The soldier then named every one of his four comrades. He was then sent down, and another soldier called upon the table, to whom Grady addressed precisely the same set of queries, receiving precisely the same answers; until at last he got each of the five soldiers to swear, that *he alone* had fought the still-owners bravely, and that all his four comrades were cowards. Thus Harry succeeded in utterly discrediting the soldiers' evidence against his clients."

Just as O'Connell had finished this anecdote, which he told with great humor, we reached the village of Kilworth, on the summit of the hills we had been ascending. Passing through the street, one of the horses fell, and the people of Kilworth turned out in hundreds, remonstrating against the further use of horses, as the roads were sheeted with ice, and offering to draw the carriage to Fermoy. This the Liberator positively forbade; but, despite his remonstrances, the people insisted upon drawing the carriage down the steep descent on the southern side of Kilworth, till they brought it beyond Moore Park Bridge.

We reached Fermoy at half-past ten, and on the following morning prooceded to Cork under a smart fall of snow, to attend the Provincial Munster Meeting for Repeal.

O'Connell was visited at the hotel by some Cork friends, who spoke of Lord Stanley's bill for disfranchising the Irish constituencies, and discussed its prospects of success.

"It is most fortunate," said O'Connell, "that Stanley has brought in this opportune attack upon our franchises. The registries were just expiring, and the people, harassed and wearied, would have let them die on a dunghill, if Stanley had not come thundering against us just in time to arouse the lagging national spirit. And, whether he succeds or not, we will have a triumph. If we beat him, it will be a noble victory; and if we don't, then his success will drive many excellent and available men into the ranks of the Repealers, and thus materially augment our strength. Oh! this is one of the thousand incidents that have occurred within my experience—events which I neither could control nor foresee, just coming in the nick of time to help me! A politician cannot always create circumstances; his skill lies in seizing upon them when they occur."

One of his visitors observed that these were busy times in Ireland; three great movements occupying public attention; the Repeal, the Irish Manufacture movement, and the Temperance movement.

"Aye," said O'Connell, "the temperance—though last not least. I was greatly pleased the other day with a remark in one of those vagabond newspapers—'A nation who can conquer their own vices, never can be conquered by any other nation.' It was admirable! it was in fact the purest and the noblest philosophy!"

On the 12th of January we left Cork, and slept that night at Youghal. The Liberator's spirits were extremely high, as indeed they usually were after any great Repeal demonstration.

I had ordered a bottle of soda-water at Youghal. The waiter vainly tried to extract the cork with his fingers, and finding the effort unavailing, left the room to get a corkscrew. While he was absent, I managed to open the bottle, and drank off the contents.

"Now," said O'Connell, "cork up the bottle again, and let the stupid fellow open it, and we'll scold him for bringing in an empty bottle. You'll see how bothered he'll look."

The waiter, however, returned just in time to prevent the perpetration of this practical joke.

Next morning on our journey from Dungarvan he got into his usual anecdotal strain. He mentioned Tim Driscoll—for many years known upon the Munster circuit as a barrister of considerable practice.

"I remember an occasion," said O'Connell, "when Tim behaved nobly. His brother, who was a blacksmith, was to be tried for his life, for the part he had taken in the rebellion of 1798; and Tim's unfriends among the barristers predicted that Tim would shirk his brother, and contrive to be engaged in the other court when the trial should come on, in order to avoid the public recognition of so humble a connection as the blacksmith. Bets were offered upon the course Tim would take. He nobly disappointed the predictions of his enemies. He waited till his brother was brought into the dock—sprang into the dock and embraced him—remained at his side during the whole trial, and cross-examined the witness for the prosecution from the dock, invariably styling the prisoner '*my brother*.' He carried the sympathies of the jury entirely with him, got a verdict for his brother, and earned glory for himself. Tim had a good deal of minor cleverness—but promotion to a silk gown spoiled him. He was one of those—

"'Qui brillent au second rang
Mais qui s'eclipsent au premier.'"

We spoke of the ardent assiduities of a Mr. O'Kelly* to the widow O'Shaughnessy;* and O'Connell amused me not a little by pointing out in detail the various modes whereby O'Kelly might have made his suit more acceptable to the widow.

"One blunder the fellow made, said O'Connell, "was that he asked her to marry him at far too early a period of the courtship. This was highly injudicious. Now, by this precipitation, he lost the advantage which female curiosity would have otherwise given him. He might have been tender and assiduous; but he should NOT have declared himself, until after he had rendered her considerably *curious* as to whether he would propose for her or not. That would have created at all events an interest about him.

"Then again, as to his telling her that he was confident of brilliant political distinction, and holding out as a lure, that she would be the sharer of his honors—it showed great want of tact—great want of knowledge of human nature. If he had tact he would have said,—'I am opening a career of ambition; perhaps I overrate my prospects of success in public life; but there is *one* thing which I deeply feel would essentially contribute to it, and that is—*domestic felicity*.' He should have spoken this with a tender earnestness, and left her to conjecture his meaning. But instead of thus delicately feeling his way, the fellow blurted out his trashy brag of successful ambition and fame, and his offer of marriage, all at once. Then as to the raptures—why every woman past girlhood laughs at raptures! O'Kelly had fine opportunities, only that the blockhead didn't know how to make use of them."

Crowds of men now appeared, pouring along the road to Dungarvan, in order to attend the Repeal meeting. I said something of the future fame that would attend O'Connell as the restorer of self-government to Ireland.

"Alas, alas!" he answered, in a tone of great solemnity, "and of what use will future fame be to me, when I am dead and judged?"

"Yet," said I, "I think you certainly indulge in the expectation of fame; have you not often said, both publicly and to myself in private, that your deeds are making part of history?"

"I spoke of it," said he, "as the fact; not as desiring fame. If I know myself at all, I really do think I never did any one action with a view to fame."

"I dare say," answered I, "that in no one action you had fame *exclusively* in view; I firmly believe in your honest desire to advance the public good; but I think you appreciate very highly the approving opinions of your countrymen."

"Aye," said he, "those amongst whom I live and act; but I do most potently feel the utter worthlessness of all posthumous applause. Little will we care for it when we are like those who lie *there*"—(we were passing the churchyard of Clashmore). "See what a populous graveyard that is! We ought to repeat a petition for the souls of those whose bodies are interred there; yet a little, and we shall need the like charity ourselves."

The indifference he expressed to posthumous fame was probably no more than a momentary feeling. It was certainly incompatible with his often-avowed ambition, and with numberless indications of a wish *volitare per ora*.

After a pause, he said:

"I once thought that all men would soon see and admit the purity of my motives; that I had only to work on steadily in the cause of Ireland, and that my opponents would at any rate admit I was honest. But I found it was a futile hope—facts were denied or distorted—falsehoods were industriously circulated—anything or everything was promulgated except the pure, simple truth. So I quietly gave up the vain hope, and consoled myself by thinking, that in spite of calumny and falsehood, I might yet be an instrument of working out great good for Ireland."

At Dungarvan we found an immense concourse of people. The chair of the Repeal meeting was taken by Sir Richard Musgrave. A violent headache prevented my attendance. On the 14th we drove from Dungarvan to Dublin—a long day's journey. The 15th was the day of the great Reform meeting, which was held at the Theatre Royal; Lord Charlemont presided.

(To be continued.)

* These names are fictitious. It would be impossible, for obvious reasons, to give the *real* ones.

DEATH OF MR. CUSTIS.

It becomes our painful duty, says the Washington *Intelligencer* of the 12th inst., to announce the decease of the venerable George Washington Parke Custis, the last of the members of the family of Washington.

Mr. Custis died at Arlington, near this city, after a brief illness, on the morning of the 10th inst., in the 77th year of his age. For several years he had stood alone in his relations to the Father of his Country, ever anxious, with filial reverence and affection, to illustrate his character, and from the rich stores of his never-failing memory to bring forward an annual tribute to his immortal worth. Known and honored by his fellow-countrymen, his departure will awaken universally a profound regret.

Born amid the great events of the Revolution, by the death of his father, (Col. Custis, of the army, and a son of Mrs. Washington by a former marriage,) which occurred near the close of the war, he found his home during childhood and youth at Mount Vernon, where his manners were formed after the noblest models; and from the great worthies of that period, frequent guests there, he received impressions of wisdom and patriotism that were never effaced. Under the counsels of Washington he pursued his classical studies at Princeton, and, when deprived by death of his great guide and father (and soon after of his revered grandmother), he devoted himself to literary and agricultural pursuits on his ample estate of Arlington, the gift, by will, of that illustrious man. He was early united in marriage to Miss Mary Lee Fitzhugh, of Virginia, a lady of unsurpassed excellences in all the relations of life, and whose irreparable loss, three years ago, he continued with sorrow and affectionate admiration, to his final day, profoundly to deplore. One daughter (Mrs. Lee, wife of Colonel Robert Lee, of the army), and several grandchildren survive him.

Mr. Custis was distinguished by an original genius for eloquence, poetry and the fine arts; by a knowledge of history, particularly the history of this country; for great powers of conversation, for an ever ready and generous hospitality, for kindness to the poor, for patriotism, for constancy of friendship, and for a more than filial devotion to the memory and character of Washington. His early speeches on the death of General Lingan and the overthrow of Napoleon were everywhere read and admired, even by those who dissented from the sentiments, for the beauty of their conception and their impassioned eloquence. Those familiar with the columns of this journal will not forget how largely we and the country are indebted to the warm and ever cheerful spirit of the deceased for many invaluable reminiscences of Revolutionary history, of the distinguished men of those times, and especially of the private life of their glorious chief in the retirement of the shades of his home at Mount Vernon.

Thousands from this country and from foreign lands who have visited Arlington to commune with our departed friend, and look upon the touching memorials there treasured up with care of him who was first in the hearts of his countrymen, will not forget the charm thrown over all by the ease, grace, interest and vivacity of the manners and conversation of him whose voice, alas, is silent now. The multitudes of our fellow citizens accustomed, in the heat of summer, to resort to the shades of Arlington, will hereafter miss that old man eloquent, who ever extended to them a warm hearted welcome and became partaker of their joy.

Those of our readers who remember the Repeal Agitation of '43 and '4 in this country, and the later and very different agitation of the Know-Nothing heresy, will not fail to recall Mr. Custis' name in connection with them. In the former years Mr. Custis evinced the highest qualities of head and heart, and in the Know-Nothing excitement his words and services were always at the beck of outraged foreigners.—ED. N. Y. TABLET.

NEWS FROM CALIFORNIA.

We have advices from California to the 21st September, by the steamship *Northern Light*. The result of the State election had been declared, by which it appears that John B. Weller, the Democratic candidate, was elected. The Legislature is also Democratic. There does not appear to have been much excitement, judging from the total number polled, which was some fifteen thousand less than that of the previous contest. The scheme of "repudiation" has been very properly abandoned, the people having declared their intention of paying the State debt by a large majority. Mining operations were progressing, the crops had been gathered in, and numbers of immigrants were arriving daily. The *N. L.* brings a million and a half in treasure which is much needed just now.

HOLE-IN-THE-DAY, OR BAG-ON-A-KE-SHIG.—This brave warrior is chief of the Chippewas, a powerful tribe of Indians occupying the northern portion of Minnesota, between Lake Superior on the east and the Mississippi on the west. He has noble impulses of heart, is beloved by his people, and respected by the whites. He came into power at twenty-four years of age; and is still a young man. His father, also a chief, was distinguished by great bravery and prowess, and at the time of his death could boast of thirty-six eagle feathers, worn in his head-dress, each denoting an enemy killed and scalped by his own hand. *Hole-in-the-day* has much of his father's daring; but his constitution is frail—he is consumptive, and probably his life will be short. Though the Chippewas are bloodthirsty and revengeful, yet some of them have received Christianity, and live meek, self-denying lives. Many of their women are noted for beauty, and the fame of "the Queen" is extended among the whites as well as among her own people. Her soft raven hair falls upon the ground as she stands, which, with her nicely-chiseled features and sparkling black eyes, renders her peculiarly attractive. She is subject to less hardship than the women of her tribe, having a home with a sister whose husband is a white man. It is said that the heart of many a white man has been captivated by her charms; but she favors none of them.

INDIGO.—It is apprehended that the war in India will cut short the supply and greatly enhance the price of this article. It is one of more importance than many persons suppose, although it has ceased to hold the important place which it once did in the products of the United States. The species of Indigo most commonly cultivated in India is, we believe, a native of the tropical regions of America, although there are many varieties of the plant, more or less in favor in different districts. The English, aided by the cheap labor of the natives, were the means of rendering the production of this article in the East Indies more profitable than in America, and thus driving the industry of our planters into other channels.

An obstinate jury in England were brought to terms, after getting very hungry, by the constable, who poked a dish of beef steak and onions at the door, withdrawing it as soon as the aroma —so grateful to Englishmen—filled the room.

LATEST IRISH NEWS.

Antrim.

The Belfast inquiry has gone on to an interminable length, with no other result than an accumulation of proofs of the guilt of the Orange party, and complicity of a portion at least of the local peace preservers. Constable Gibney, of the county constabulary, who was present when Mr. Watson's houses were wrecked, and his furniture burned in the public streets of Belfast, under the eyes of the police, says he could only impute the inaction of the authorities on that occasion to "cowardice or partiality." "The police were marched to Cullingtree, where the people were doing nothing at all, while they were not sent against the Sandy-row rioters, who were wrecking Mr. Watson's houses." Head-Constable M'Intyre "saw the woodwork of Mr. Watson's houses burning in the street, and said it was monstrous to allow such conduct;" but nothing was done to prevent it. There was a force of thirty men looking on at this outrage, and the head-constable had often "charged a larger crowd with a smaller number of men." Will any one believe that thirty armed constables could do nothing to keep a mob from wrecking houses and making a bonfire of their contents in the public street? The thing is simply absurd to say, but in this case it does not appear that the police even identified a single rioter, or instituted any prosecution for an offence which, in the eye of the law, is a heinous crime. An attempt was made to bolster up the credit of Orangeism by producing Lord Enniskillen, the Grand Master of the Institution, but his lordship's evidence as to what he did *not* see could have no weight against the testimony of those who saw with their own eyes the disloyal, ruffianly, and criminal conduct of members of the illegal body over which he presides. We think the inquiry must compel the Government, if it have any sense of its duty and its sworn obligations, to move the Legislature to suppress the Orange Society as a public nuisance, and to deprive the Belfast Corporation of all control over the police of that town. The inquiry was concluded on Thursday, when the commissioners closed the proceedings without expressing any opinion upon the causes of the riots. There can, however, be but one opinion, and but one report on the subject, and we trust that the Executive and the Legislature will act honestly upon that report.—*Dublin Tablet.*

Armagh.

A cow, the property of Hans Callaghan, at Hamiltownsbawn, has just had a calf with two heads and two necks, both perfect and distinct. We regret to say that the cow, a valuable one, had to be killed before she could be delivered of this monster. This great curiosity and very interesting specimen, the calf having come to its full time, has been secured for the Museum of our Natural History Society, by the exertions of its active Secretary, B. P. Davidson, Esq.—*Guardian.*

The Lurgan Mechanics' Institute building is rapidly approaching completion, and is to be opened on 6th January, 1858.

Cavan.

It is truly gratifying for us to have to note that the potato crop, now getting in, is not much injured, not at all to the extent that was at first anticipated. This must be gladdening news to the poor especially, who are principally dependent upon it for food. Indeed, all through the counties of Cavan, Leitrim, Fermanagh, &c., the same cheering story may be related. The farmers are digging and heaping them fast, so as to prevent the effects of the frosts during the night.—*Anglo Celt.*

Clare.

The sum of forty pounds has been collected at Six-mile-bridge and Killishen for the new chapel now being built at Kilnamona by the Rev. Mr. Quinn. This munificent sum is complimentary to the reverend gentleman, who was for some years curate at Six-mile-bridge.

Cork.

The following "inflammatory placard" has been extensively circulated in Cork:

"WHAT NEWS? WHAT NEWS?

"This is the question that is asked of you by all—this is the question you ask of others. Ay, and we say, well may you ask, for there *is* news, and concerns you much. When we say this we presume that we are addressing men who will still retain, some at least, of that feeling which God originally implants in the breasts of all—namely, a love of freedom and justice, and a consequent hatred of all oppression and injustice. The news, therefore, concerns you much, for it tells you that at length the just wrath of Heaven is being poured upon those who for centuries held by the right of the strong hand what was, and is, justly yours; it tells you that hand is becoming palsied—ay, palsied with the curse of blood—the weight of crime; it tells you that the wail of suffering, the cry of vengeance has at length been heard, and that when least expected the sword of the Destroying Angel has fallen on the guilty. Yes, a portion of the English Empire, the richest and largest of all her ill-gotten possessions, has risen against her, and is avenging with a terrible vengeance the slaughtered millions of her children, whose blood has been poured out as a river since England first set her foot on her soil. It tells you of Sepoy barbarities—of women and children murdered. Yes, the chained tiger of Bengal has broken loose, and scattered ruin in his path. But, goaded as the Hindoos have been—un-Christianized as they are—we have yet to hear that they have exceeded Cromwell at Drogheda and Wexford, or the *Black Horse* in '98; or that like the English government in '47, they condemned a million of human beings to die the lingering death of starvation. Perhaps you will ask, 'what of all this? We knew it all before. What would you have us do?' Read of it—*think of it!* again and again; you will be the better prepared to act when the time comes; make others (and they are many) read and think, who at present do neither. Thus will you keep alive the faith in God's Justice!—the faith in Ireland's Liberty!—and England's Downfall? Discourage drunkenness, and thus prevent many a misguided fool from swelling the ranks of your oppressors, and becoming the victims of Indian cholera or the sabre of the Sepoy; and further, you may sometimes even teach those whom they have already ensnared, that a day may soon come when an Irish soldier, with arms in his hands, might write a new and glorious page of Irish history. He who reads and *understands* this will neither burn nor destroy it, but read it again, and give it to be read; to him who does not, it is idle to speak."

A very serious calamity has befallen the town of Bandon. The rain fell in such torrents that a small stream which comes down from the mountainous Cashel district, by Mayfield, became swollen beyond its usual dimensions. The little bridge near the old chapel was inadequate to afford a passage for the immense body of water, which, in consequence, overflowed and rushed through the streets of the town. The force of the water soon became so great that it demolished a small bridge called Cavendish Quay Bridge, which, in its fall, considerably damaged the house and tan-yard of Mr. Lee, situated close by its abutment. There is reason to suppose that a poor man, a watchman, named Thomas Kelly, who has since been missing, was on the bridge at the moment of its fall, and was engulphed in the rushing water. A little bridge, which crosses the stream just at its junction with the main river, and leads into the Presbyterian meeting house, was also destroyed. Damage of another kind and to a very serious extent was also inflicted after a different fashion upon the town. The little river runs through a back street parallel to, and at the rere of, the South Main street. The confined water rushing through the back of the houses escaped through the fronts, carrying off with it, in many instances, the whole of the shop windows, doors, &c. Amongst the chief sufferers was Mr. William Bullen, the whole of the front of whose shop was swept away. Curiously enough, a box containing money, it is said, to the amount of £280, was sent floating about, but was recovered by Head-Constable Wright. The damage that has been done is not, I regret to say, confined to the town alone, no less than three other bridges having been destroyed, one at Ballyminahane, one at Ballinacurra (near Bandon), and another at a place called Doundaniel. An immensity of damage has been done the mail-coach road, the parapet wall of the little river being carried away in many parts, and the road in some portions so cut up, that it is scarcely an exaggeration to say it seems torn up by an earthquake. The river Bandon is still greatly swollen and rushes along by the railway in tremendous volume, flooding the meadows at each side, but no further injury is anticipated. The extent to which the inundation has reached has become very serious. Eight acres of oats belonging to Mr. Townsend, of Woodside, were completely swept away. At different times during the day, a cow, a pig, a donkey, a butt, and various other articles, proving the enormous force of the flood, have been seen floating down the river. The body of a female, too, has been found, but not yet identified. It is supposed she was surprised by the flood and drowned.—*Examiner.*

A private of the North Cork Rifles, stationed at Mallow, jumped into the Blackwater, with the intention of bathing, but the water being no more than two feet deep in the place, he received such serious concussion that he died from the effects. An inquest was held before the coroner and a jury, when a verdict in accordance with the above facts was returned.

The Rev. James O'Driscoll, P.P., died at his residence, Clonmoyle, on the 20th ult, aged 69 years, 44 of which he was parish priest of Kilmichael

Amongst the various novelties daily introduced to our notice, few appear more extraordinary than the sample of candles left at this office by Messrs. John Newsom & Son, of this city, and which have, we are informed, been manufactured by a patented process from the common peat or turf so plentiful in Ireland. Persons can hardly realize the idea of an article possessing all the transparency, purity, and durability of the finest spermaceti being produced from such an unsightly article as turf. As a curiosity we would advise a visit to Messrs. Newsom's establishment, in Patrick street.—*Constitution.*

The Lord Lieutenant has issued a proclamation remodelling the Cork Court of Conscience, at which the Mayor or his deputy shall preside. The retiring judges of that court, Messrs. Gibbings & Besnard, require an annual superannuation of £176. The Mayor has the appointment of a deputy whose salary and emoluments will amount to £300 a year.

The body of a woman was washed ashore in Queenstown recently. It has not yet been discovered who she was, but it is supposed that she was swept away by the flood in one of the streams which discharge themselves into the harbor.—*Examiner.*

A grievous assault was committed on one of the subordinate officers of Spike Island, by some of the convicts there, from the effects of which the unfortunate man lies at present in a precarious state.

Donegal.

A meeting under the "Towns' Improvement Act" was held in the Town Hall of Ballyshannon, on Thursday, the 26th of August, to consider the propriety of cleansing and lighting the town with gas. Prompted by a love of darkness, we suppose, the opponents of enlightenment rushed to the Town Hall in hordes, while the *bonna fide* citizens of the town were not so active in being present at the meeting, and, therefore, came with a feebler voice of *actual* "citizens." The Chairman, Edward Allingham, Esq., J.P., having called the meeting to order, Attorney Sedley, of Sligo; Attorney Crawford, of Ballyshannon; Andrew Green, Editor of the *Ballyshannon Herald;* and a Rev. Son of *light* and *shade*, appeared as spokesmen for the opposition. Attorney Brady, of Ballyshannon, represented those who were in favor of cleansing and lighting the town. On Wednesday the respective parties met in full force. The voting having commenced, it soon became apparent that the gas party would win the day. The opposition fought but fought in vain. Towards evening they were totally routed. The polls having closed, the Chairman announced that the gas party had carried the day by a majority of 17. The meeting, having given three cheers for their impartial and respected Chairman, three for their worthy advocate, three for the constabulary, and three for "more light," adjourned *sine die.*—*Nation.*

Down.

The Newry and Enniskillen Railway Company is defunct, the last meeting having been held on Saturday, at the board-room here. The first meeting of the Newry and Armagh Railway Company was held on the same day at the same place, under the most favorable auspices. All was concord, and unanimity.—*Newry Telegraph.*

Dublin.

A young man named Patrick Sheehan was brought up in custody of Police Constable Lynam (46 B), charged with causing an obstruction to the thoroughfare in Grafton street. The constable stated that the prisoner was loitering in Grafton street for the purpose of begging, having a placard on his breast setting forth that he had served in the Crimea in the 55th regiment; that he had lost his sight in the trenches before Sebastopol, and that he was discharged on a pension of sixpence per day for nine months, and that the period being now expired, he was obliged to have recourse to begging to support himself. A Crimean medal was found on his person. Sergeant Thomas, 55th regiment, gave evidence which corroborated the statement of Sheehan as to his having served in the 55th regiment before Sebastopol, and his being discharged from physical incapacity. The prisoner was committed for seven days for begging.—*Freeman.*

Irishmen! behold the reward of Patrick Sheehan, who left his own country to toil, and sweat, and bleed for England, who, in the trenches before Sebastopol, was struck blind while doing the work of England; and who, perhaps, spilled the blood of his fellowmen while fighting in the wars of England. He now starves about the streets of Dublin, and is committed to prison when he dares to beg!—*Nation.*

On Monday, the 21st ultimo, five young clergymen of All Hallows College embarked for the missions of the United States, viz.: Rev. Patrick Hooke and Rev. Thomas O'Reilly, for the diocese of Savannah, Georgia; Rev. Hugh Brady, for Louisville, Kentucky; Mr. John Brady and Rev. Michael Costello, D.D., for Richmond, Virginia. The last named gentleman is the young clergyman whose public examination in theology was recorded last June, when, in the presence of the Apostolic Delagate, the Primate, and eight other bishops, he won the degree of D.D.

The statue of our illustrious national poet, Moore, was placed on its pedestal in College street, opposite the Bank of Ireland, previous to its formal inauguration, on Wednesday, the 14th of October.

Kerry.

A requisition headed by Lord Castlerosse, M.P., and the Right Hon. Colonel Herbert, M.P., has been sent to the high sheriff, calling on him to convene a meeting of his bailiwick, in order that subscriptions may be made to aid the fund for the relief of the sufferers by the Indian mutinies.—*Tralee Chronicle.*

Kilkenny.

On the 1st of October, eighteen of the County Kilkenny police force was transferred to the King's County, and fourteen to Limerick. This, with eighteen vacancies caused by previous reductions, will lessen the force in the county Kilkenny by fifty men.—*Journal.*

Limerick.

The *Limerick Chronicle* states that the cattle murrain has made its appearance with fatal effect in that district. A gentleman who holds a farm within a few miles of the city of Limerick has lost within the last month 28 head of fine cattle, valued at £600. Several agriculturists in the counties of Tipperary and Clare have also sustained serious losses by the malady.

A heavy fall of rain, which for hours caused a mountain torrent, swept away the railway bridge on the Castleconnel line over the river Suir, and done great damage to the viaduct at Robertstown, over the Limerick and Foynes line.

Longford.

A person styling himself Timothy H. Dunne of 89 Capel street, Dublin, was arrested in Ballymahon by Head-Constable Brereton for making use of most seditious language in several public houses in that town. He was brought before F. T. Jessop, Esq., who, after hearing the evidence against him, bound him in a penalty of £50 to attend his trial at the Ballyshannon Sessions on Friday.—*Journal.*

Mayo.

Putting the religious part of the affair out of view for the present, is there not ample reason to induce the young Irishman to pause before taking the *shilling*, in the fact that on a very recent occasion the Irish Militia were treated like dogs, or animals of a still more degraded class? Was not faith broken with them? Was not the promised bounty withheld? Were they not sent home starving, half naked, and penniless, while the German mercenaries were petted, feasted, and provided with freehold estates at the national expense? Are all these indignities—injustice, contempt, and vile treatment—to be forgotten when a fresh occasion may arise for food for powder? Verily, we should think not. We would remind the croakers of another most important feature in this recruiting affair. In England the very dregs of the towns refuse the shilling, and the better classes follow their example. This is strange, but it is stranger still that Irish Journalists should be abused for not advising Irishmen to do for England what her own people absolutely refuse to do for her.—*Castlebar Telegraph.*

The survey of the line of railway from Castlerea to and through Mayo, by Clare and Balla to Castlebar, will be commenced forthwith, so that the necessary preliminaries will have been completed, and the bill presented next session of parliament.

Monaghan.

A public meeting to sympathize with the Indian sufferers was held in the court-house of Carrickmacross, in pursuance of a requisition signed by several magistrates, and other gentlemen. The chair was filled by Sir George Foster, Bart., M. P. The meeting consisted exclusively of the local gentry.—*Louth Advertiser.*

Roscommon.

THE CATTLE MURRAIN.—After the most diligent inquiry, we find that no grounds whatever exist for the alarming paragraph which lately appeared in a cotemporary on the above subject. We understand that about a fortnight since two cows, the property of a gentleman living in this town, died of "some disease or other," and hence the startling announcement calculated to do so much harm. We believe cattle, as far as this county is concerned, were never freer from disease than at present.—*Roscommon Messenger.*

Engineers are at present in the towns of Strokestown, Elphin, and Boyle, busily engaged in laying out and preparing the contract plans for the line of railway from Longford, *via* Strokestown to Sligo. We are told the line as far as Elphin will be completed within 15 months. Mr. M'Cormick will, it is rumored, be the contractor.—*Ibid.*

LECTURES ON INDIA.

The Very Rev. Dr. Cahill delivered, on Friday evening, in the Lecture Hall of the Mechanics' Institute, the fourth of a series of five lectures on India. The hall was thronged in every part. The subject of the night's lecture was "The Modern History of India." The very reverend lecturer, who was received with loud applause, commenced by saying that when they recollected the riches of the East from the most remote period of antiquity, everything which could contribute to the luxury of man abounding there, the inquiry naturally suggested itself why it was that it was so late until we were there? Semiramis was there—Syrus went as far as the Indus—Alexander penetrated the Punjaub, but none were there but conquerors, and there was no record of a commercial intercourse with the country at the period of which he spoke. What was the reason it was so late until the other great powers of the world frequented that district which was intended by Providence to be the spot for the support of man in his infant state, where there was no necessity for the mechanical arts, because the inhabitants were supported by the spontaneous productions of the soil? The Supreme Ruler, in defence of his creation, placed man in the vicinity of this district, and, consequently, the country was as old as the creation of man. The natural inquiry then was, man having been created there, and the Ark having rested there, why was not the country known to the whole world? The fact that it was not so could only be accounted for by the wars which prevailed. Generals and conquerors attached to their standards tens of thousands of human beings whom they led to slaughter in the field of battle—commercial pursuits were not thought of in those days, the whole bent of the human mind being on war. But who did go there? They heard of the Phœnicians—a trading people inhabiting the coast of the Levant—being there before the time of Alexander, who was there a considerable period before the Christian era, and who not only entered into the Punjaub, but sailed down the Indus into the Indian ocean, and came home through the Red Sea into the Mediterranean. They found the Roman going towards India about 55 years before the Christian era. They were the first who began to introduce commerce, and they carried on commercial speculations through Egypt, where they remained until they were subdued by hordes from the north, but they made no residence in India, for the Asiatics always gave the warmest, and generally successful, opposition to the foreign conqueror. From the 4th up to the 14th century they knew very little about India. When Rome fell all the neighboring nations began to recover their individuality, and there was nothing but warfare from the 5th to the end of the Crusades, and it was not until the close of the 13th century that mankind got tired of war, and began to think of peace and commerce. After the Romans the Mahomedans went to India, and had all the commerce of the country through Egypt, and all Europe had to deal at the Nile; they had the whole of the Mediterranean to themselves, and when they were annihilated the pirates remained behind them. Then came the Moors to Egypt. About the year 800 the small rising city of Venice formed an alliance with the Mahomedans, who monopolized the trade from India, and it soon became a most powerful republic, and held sway for nearly 400 years. England was not known at the time; Spain and Portugal were under the sway of the Mahomedans, and Germany was torn with contentions. Then came the Crusaders, and the various nations of the world met each other for the first time in friendship, and returned to their respective countries determined to recommend the arts of peace all over the world. India was still flourishing in the 13th century. The Turks entered Constantinople in 1443, expelled Venice from it in 1474, and had all India to themselves. The next people who visited in India were the Portuguese, who then began to rise into power. The very rev. lecturer then referred to the discovery of North America, and the first passage round the Cape of Good Hope by Vasco De Gama. By this last discovery the monopoly of the Turks in India came to an end, for the Mediterranean ceased to be the route to that country, and Spain and Portugal rose into importance. The Turks, seeing the empire of India taken from them by the Portuguese, made an effort—having been joined by the Venetians—to regain their power, and, after a terrific conflict, the Portuguese were victorious. But what became of England all this time? Henry VIII., who then reigned, was engaged in squandering away, in a religious controversy, the riches left him by his father, and in despoiling convents and monopolizing lands. So England could do nothing then. France was beginning to contend with Spain and could do nothing either. Spain was employed in collecting money in the west, and Portugal was engaged in bringing treasures from the east; but a trifling circumstance raised England from her low position. The Spaniards began to buy the natives on the coast of Africa (where they were discovered by the Portuguese) to work their mines in North America. England at that time had much shipping—a rage for commerce seized her; she began to carry slaves to North America, and soon had the carriage of all the slaves which were brought to that country from the coast of Africa. But at this time all Europe was engaged as well as England in the slave traffic. In the meantime Spain went into South America. England seized North America, increased her shipping, and, by a fortunate stroke, annihilated the naval power of Spain; so that England rose to power by the circumstance of having the carriage of the slaves from the coast of Africa. He would now leave England in possession of North America, and with the largest naval power of any nation of the time; and the subject of the next concluding lecture would be an inquiry into what enabled her to seize vast possessions in the East and West Indies—to advance with such rapidity that she is—or was a few months ago—at the head of one hundred and sixty millions in the East; and how she had employed this power, the greatest that ever was known on the face of the earth. The very rev. lecturer, at the conclusion of the lecture, retired amid the warm applause of the numerous audience.

The Rev. Dr. Cahill delivered on Tuesday evening, in the Lecture Hall of the Mechanics' Institution the last of a series of lectures on India. The Hall was thronged to excess. He prefaced the lecture by saying, that in the observations which he would offer on British rule in India, he would speak merely as the cold and disinterested historian, and that he would not allow his own feelings on the subject to interfere. He then referred in detail to the various matters of comparatively recent history in connection with India up to the time when England obtained possession of the greater portion of the country. Millions of money, he said, had been expended in taking possession of it, and the question was had we derived advantages commensurate with the outlay? The best statesmen said no. History stated that the cruelties and extortions practised upon the natives exceeded credibility, but with this the Indian government, and not the English government, was chargeable—but why, it would naturally be asked, did the latter permit the former to sleep and grow lazy in luxury. The East India Company took into their service two hundred and seventy thousand Sepoys, saying that they would assist them in carrying out their rule, and he had no doubt but that the Sepoys would, but it could not be denied that they had been treated badly to a great extent. The very reverend lecturer referred to the work of Captain Harvey, of the Indian service in India, in which it was stated that the pay of a Sepoy soldier was 14s. per month, and that their food was not fit for a dog, and that it was the habit of the young officers to insult the Sepoys on parade in every way, and yet, he observed, these were the men who had very lately been described as receiving the treatment of children. Nobody, he said, could conceive the extortions that had been practised on the natives in the system of collecting the revenues of the country until it was reformed by the British government, and even yet there was no doubt but that the people had just grounds for complaint. We had done things, not as bad as they had done, but, at the same time, we had committed atrocities (perhaps justified by circumstances) which must have left a lasting impression of vengeance upon the universal heart of the natives of the country. They might have many reasons to complain of our possession of their country for 100 years; we had mulcted them of millons of money at the point of the bayonet, therefore it would be judicious in the government of India not to add to these exactions insult to their religious and national feelings; but when both were being daily insulted, was it to be wondered that the whole mind of the nation had been brought to a state of the wildest excitement? The present revolt in India was not the first that took place there. There was no doubt but that we would beat them on the present occasion, after they had committed atrocities unheard of, which he put upon the Indian government more than upon the Sepoys, for it was the line of conduct that had been pursued for years that led to the perpetration of cruelties that had no parallel in ancient or modern history. But if we beat them now, they would beat us yet (he said so in the bitterness of regret, for he would be sorry that England should lose India) unless we extended kinkness to them—respected their caste and character and prejudices, and conciliated them by favorable measures. At the conclusion of the lectures a warm vote of thanks was passed to the very rev. lecturer, who briefly expressed his thanks, and retired amid loud applause.

SMITH O'BRIEN IN ENNISTYMON, COUNTY CLARE.

The inhabitants of Ennistymon lately presented William Smith O'Brien with an Address, to which that gentleman replied as follows:

Mr. O'Brien began by observing that this Address had taken him by surprise—that, in his rambles through Ireland, he endeavored to move about in as quiet and unobtrusive a manner as possible, and had discouraged public receptions intended to do him honor whenever he had been consulted about them; but he, nevertheless, would not conceal from them the emotions of pleasure which he felt when greeted by a spontaneous and unprepared welcome, such as he had received on the present occasion at Ennistymon. He had made this excursion to Clare, not with a view to promote political objects of any kind, but simply in order to enjoy the pleasure of re-visiting the scenes which had been familiar to him in the season of his youth. Yesterday he had made a circuit in the barony of Inchiquin, and to-day he found himself in Corcomroe, where he had in former times passed many a happy day. He was rejoiced to find, from the general appearance of the town and neighborhood of Ennistymon, that there had been progress rather than retrogradation since he last visited this district—a progress which he attributed exclusively to the energy, enterprise, and industry of the inhabitants of the soil. It was the more honorable to them that he should be able to congratulate them upon improved circumstances, because they were surrounded by a large tract of country which was possessed, for the most part, by absentee proprietors. If advancement took place under such unfavorable circumstances, what might not be expected if the people of Ireland enjoyed full command over the exuberant resources with which this fertile island abounds. The result of exile and of foreign travel upon his mind had been, that his convictions in favor of domestic government and legislation had been strongly confirmed. Not in 1843, when he joined the Repeal Association; not in 1848, when he stood at the foot of the gallows at Clonmel, did he entertain more intensely than he now felt it, the conviction that the interests of Ireland could be permanently protected from wrong and insult only by possession of the right of self-government. Entertaining these opinions, he could not but feel that the cause for which he had risked so much, and suffered so much, was a cause which was, in an eminent degree, just and holy—a cause for which a highminded man ought to be proud to die. He was aware, indeed, that to talk of dying for one's country was, in the present circumstance of Ireland, mere idle bombast, but never in his recollection had a period arrived which was so favorable as the present to the attainment of all the national rights of Ireland. If they were not recovered by the Irish people, they ought henceforth to blame none but themselves. Yet, for his own part, he could indulge no sanguine expectation respecting the future destiny of his country. He feared that there did not exist in Ireland public virtue enough to turn to account the elements of national greatness which were available, and when he observed the fierceness with which mutual animosities against each other were cherished by different sections of the population of Ireland, he lost all hope of witnessing a combination amongst them for the common interest of all. For his own part he was prepared to forgive every fellow-countryman who had ever wronged him, but he could find little in the present state of public feeling which would encourage him to take that position in regard to public affairs which many of his countrymen were desirous that he should occupy. He had been told that he would have been returned at the last election without a contest for the county of Clare; and he had been also assured that he would have been returned for the county of Cork, without a contest, in case he had allowed himself to be put in nomination; and he might refer with some pride to the circumstance that he had been invited to stand for the county of Tipperary within a week after his arrival in Ireland; but he had felt, and still continued to feel, that he could, under present circumstances, do little good for Ireland in the British parliament, and having no personal object to gain by re-entering public life, he was not disposed to sacrifice, in idle and ineffectual efforts, the peace and happiness of the remaining years of his life. If ever a time should arrive when he could feel that his exertions in a public sphere could be of use to his native land, he would hold himself prepared to act in whatever manner might be most conducive to that end; but the destinies of Ireland do not depend upon the will or conduct of individuals; and, until the nation at large shall be worthy of its ancient fame, and of the resources with which it has been blessed by Providence, he must remain a passive, but not indifferent, spectator of events. He offered these observations as the candid expression of his sentiments, but he did not desire to wound the feelings of any of his countrymen who might differ with him. He was in favor of unlimited tolerance of all honest convictions, however adverse they might be to his own, and he could assure those who did him the honor to greet him to-day with this cordial and affectionate welcome, that, whether they agreed or disagreed with him, he felt much interest in the welfare of those whom they represented, and that he wished them, collectively and individually, the enjoyment of every element of happiness.

INDIA.

Terrible news this week, and great fright in the heart of England. Havelock has been beaten back to Cawnpore, where he was threatened by an immense force under Nena Sahib. Lucknow was likely to fall into the hands of the Sepoys; the British force before Delhi was well nigh wiped out; the mutiny was spreading through the Bombay Presidency, and had broken out in the Madras army, the last hope and stay of the British. The summing up, in plain truth, is that the power of England in India is at an end. She holds the ground under the feet of her soldiers, and no more. She may, perhaps set about the long, bloody, and expensive work of re-conquest, but while so engaged she will lie like a log at the mercy of the European nations, her empire will exist only by their pleasure. At present the general feeling towards her appears to be a mixture of pity and contempt, at which we cannot be for a moment astonished. Some months ago a quarrel arose between the Swiss Cantons and the King of Prussia. The point in dispute was not very serious, yet forth came the hardy sons of Switzerland in thousands, without delay, begging to be enrolled and asking for arms to defend and maintain the honor of their native land. In a like manner acted the people of France and of America when the occasion demanded their services; the world heard the clash of preparation and the shouts of their volunteers. But what are the sounds from England? Weeping and gnashing of teeth and a howl of vain fury, nothing more. The *Times* is going round as with a long pole poking up the young shopmen, and the bumpkins, and their masters, and begging even the undersized scamps of the towns and villages to join the British army, but all to no use; they can be got to roar, but they will not enlist. The nations look on at all this, and understand it. England ranks to-day in Europe as a tenth rate power.

The Queen of England, we are told, has appointed a day of humiliation and prayer. As far as the humiliation is concerned, we are of opinion her Majesty's appointment was rather unnecessary. England has had some months of that sort of thing already, and it is very probable there are many more in store for her. As for the prayer we shudder to think of it. We should not like to see a highway man or a pirate kneel down to pray while his pockets were stuffed with booty and his hands were red with blood. He should first, according to the teachings of the Christian religion, release his captives, restore to them their property, repent his past courses, and make a firm resolution to lead a better life for the future, then he might earnestly and hopefully ask God to hear him. And nations, we think, in this respect should do as individuals.—*Nation.*

IRISH MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

MARRIAGES.

September 3, at Simcoe, Charles West, Esq., of Toledo, to Mary, daughter of the late Hutchins Williams, Esq., formerly of Dublin.

September 18, in SS. Peter and Paul's Church, Dublin, by the Rev. R. Leonard, P.P., Galway, John Galway Walsh, Esq., Cork, to Rebecca Josephine, second daughter of James Davis, Esq., Galway.

September 15, in St. Mark's Church, Edward Cheney Seal, Esq., to Martha, daughter of the late Henry Beere, Esq., of Black Castle, Leixlip.

September 16, in St. Mary's Church, Thomas N. Jones, Esq., to Fanny, youngest daughter of the late Dr. Carroll, of New Ross, county Wexford.

September 22, at St. Andrew's Westland row, William L. Conolly, Esq., to Isabella, daughter of Timothy Gaffney, Esq., of Wexford.

DEATHS.

September 15, at Cheltenham, Susanna, widow of Thomas M'Chance, Esq., of Waterford, aged 82 years.

September 18, at Teignmouth, Devonshire, Anne, relict of Thomas Harding, Esq., M.D., and daughter of the late Captain John B. Westropp, of the Limerick City Militia.

June 15, drowned at sea, on his passage to Barbadoes, Alexander, youngest son of the late A. Moore, Esq., of Cork.

September 15, at Pisa, Captain William S. Sullivan, of the West Cork Artillery, last surviving son of the Rev. Mortimer O'Sullivan, rector of Tandaragee, county Armagh.

July 13, of fever, from over fatigue on march to Delhi, Lieutenant Hugh Simpson, of the 78th Highlanders, son of Hugh Simpson, Esq., of Aughnacloy, county Tyrone.

At Calcutta, deeply lamented by his relations, Thomas Byrne, Esq., C.E., brother to P. J. Byrne, Esq., Lisnawilly, county Louth.

September 13, suddenly, in Drogheda, Mr. John Dolan, of Dysart, county Louth. May he rest in peace.

At Ardee, suddenly, in the 43rd year of his age, Mr. Philip M'Donnel, woollen draper. The deceased was a most warm-hearted, kind individual in every relation of life, and his premature demise is deeply deplored.

September 24, at Ardee, suddenly, of disease of the heart, in the 35th year of his age, Mr. Bernard Duffy, proprietor of the Ruxton Arms Hotel in that town.

"NO RECRUITS!"

The enlistment in Ireland has turned out a complete failure; the Government journals, from the *Morning Post* to the *Evening Packet*, are driven to make the bitter admission—a supply of Irish corpses for Indian trenches cannot be obtained. The terrible death that awaits the few thousands that England can send out, and a feeling that it is the intention to pick up men all over Ireland to send out in the first reinforcements—since it is admitted that the first dozen or so of shiploads sent out have no earthly chance of escape—seems to weigh with the people. To go to certain death is a hard thing; to go to certain doom by the bullet is hard enough; but when to that is added all the horrors of an Indian climate, men naturally ask themselves for what and for whom are they to walk to the shambles to be killed? In a good cause death has little terror for an Irishman; but our people are, thank God, a religious people, and they are apt to make some inquiries into the justice of a cause in which they are asked to take the rather important part of victims. India House will find to its grief that a knowledge of Clive's forgeries and Hasting's robberies in India is more general amongst the Irish people than was commonly supposed. There is another very important point which weighs a good deal with the people in determining them not to sell their lives to the East India Company—the infamous conduct pursued towards the Catholic soldiers in India before the breaking out of the Revolution. Irish Catholics ought not to enlist if they believe the Catholic Bishop, who tells them that the pay of the Catholic soldiers was stopped for refusing to send their children to those proselytizing schools. Irish Catholics will not enlist as long as they see the extreme probability that, in case of their death—certain in India—their children will be sent to Protestant orphanages. But most important of all is the objection to the want of Catholic Chaplains. To this point we would beg the particular attention of the women of Ireland; at this moment their influence may be exerted with most salutary effect. We ask the mothers, wives, and sisters of Irishmen to exert themselves in this matter, which concerns both the temporal and spiritual welfare of those who are nearest and dearest to them. Are their sons, husbands, and brothers to be sent off on this forlorn hope without even the chance of dying within the reach of religious consolation. What weight of gold will hush the wail when the distracted mother hears how her poor son, far away in India, tossed on his bed of fever, calling in vain for the Minister of God—his appeals perhaps exciting the jeers of a scoffing mess-table, or evoking the proselytizing zeal of some Exeter Hall Colonel! Here at home, however poor and hard the young man's lot, he lives in a Christian land, he is surrounded by his kindred and friends, and he is sure of Christian burial, which we defy any recruiting sergeant to say of India.

"No recruits—no recruits" is the daily wail at the Horse Guards. We beg particular attention to the fact, that while blasphemous rage and "hell-hound" fury is profuse enough in England, recruits cannot be had there even for bribes, to go out to India, where the English flag has been torn and trampled—where English women have been slaughtered and violated. Now, it is all very well for the English journals to abuse us for not having a high respect for them, and for not advising the Irish to do for England what Englishmen themselves, it seems, cannot be got to do; but we respectfully submit, that the man who can hear the cries of wife, sister, or daughter, being ravished and murdered in a neighboring street, yet contents himself with savage vows and maledictions, and appeals to his neighbors with the offer of a few pounds, shillings, and pence, if they will go and carry out his blood-breathing threats—has but very slight claims on our respect. The most bitter foe of England never painted so damning a stain upon her name as that affixed by the fact that the recruiting in England is an acknowledged failure. It is now rumored that the bounty will be raised and the standard lowered. What! Is it then, after all, a mere pounds, shillings, and pence question with the brothers, sons, and husbands, of the slaughtered ones! Yes; and we beg that our young men note it well, so as to be qualified "to hold conversation" with that eloquent orator the recruiting sergeant, when he holds forth about the slaughter of English women and babes in India. Besides raising the bounty and lowering the standard, numerous other resorts are spoken of; the shift of offering free commissions to such needy young men as could not raise the price of one otherwise, on condition of their turning recruiting sergeants, has been tried. Whoever can recruit one hundred men is promised a full ensigncy. One of this class, rejoicing in the aristocratic name of Cuff, is angling in Dublin; but this resort, too, will prove an utter failure.

Not all the meetings of Tara and Mullaghmast; not all the petitions, not all the agitations and associations of the last twenty years, have manifested Irish discontent in a manner so certain to recommend itself to attention and consideration in England, as this abstinence of our people from enlisting. Out of nearly nine hundred men of one regiment little more than four hundred attended the other day in Dublin, and our hard-pushed contemporaries call out "four hundred recruits!" Indeed, as it was, the meeting between Colonel La Touche and these "recruits" was rather animated, to say the least; taken in connection with the recent freak of the Garryowen Boys, we doubt that the embodiment will turn out to be such a pleasant thing for the "authorities" after all.—*Nation.*

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

Austrian Civil and Military Officers.—Mention has already been made of a quarrel between Count Hunyada, a major of hussars, and the Mayor of Hutteldorf, a small place near Vienna, and it is necessary to return to the subject, as the affair was far more serious than is generally supposed. The Mayor of Hutteldorf received notice that he was to provide quarters for 300 hussars, and he did so. At the appointed hour the major arrived, but as he brought with him 500 instead of 300 men, the accommodation provided was naturally insufficient. Instead of politely requesting the Mayor to find quarters for the additional 200 men, the major began to curse and swear at, and even to menace him. The latter, a man of spirit, told the military bully that he seemed to forget that he was bound to treat the civil authorities with respect. On hearing this, the officer declared that if the Mayor said another word he would "give him 25" (blows). The Mayor retorted, and the consequence was that the 25 blows were given. As soon as the punishment was inflicted the Mayor had himself transported to the house of the nearest judge in criminal matters, and demanded satisfaction. An attempt was made by an influential military personage to hush up the affair, but it came to the knowledge of the highest authorities, and Major Count Hunyada was charged with "abuse of official power," tried by a court-martial, cashiered, and condemned to two years' imprisonment in a fortress.

Curious Brigand Story.—An account was given some time ago of the son of a wealthy gentleman of Malaga, of the name of Campos, having been carried off by one of the bands of brigands which infest the province of that name, and of a sum of 12,000 piastres (63,000f.) having been extorted for his ransom. On the day the ransom was paid, the son, who is a mere boy, returned home, but he could not give, respecting the robbers' retreat, any information calculated to cause their arrest. Since then M. Campos received two strange anonymous letters, one, appearing to come from the chief of the brigands, declared that if, within a given time, he should not publish a statement in the newspapers to the effect that his son had been restored to him without ransom he should be put to death; the other, appearing to come from a simple member of the band, declared that if he did not at once pay the 12,000 piastres he had promised he and all his family should be carried off and murdered. These letters cause it to be supposed that the chief of the brigands appropriated the sum paid him for the boy's ransom. The authorities are making the most active efforts to discover the retreat of the robbers.

Degradation of an African Chief.—At Cape Coast Castle, on the 29th of June last, a native chief Aframpon, captain of Mampon, in Western Wassau, was degraded for ordering a child to be put into a pot and buried alive. He had been sentenced to death, but at the last moment was reprieved. The aged and trembling culprit was then brought down from the prison, with a rope round his neck, and agitated with fear of his impending fate. The Colonial Secretary advanced in front of the fort, and read the Governor's proclamation reprieving Aframpon, but condemning him to be kept a close prisoner for some time, to lodge a large sum of money for his future good conduct, and to forfeit his honors as chief or captain of Mampon. Th chief listened to this proclamation with great agony. His baton, or chieftain's staff, was broken over his head, his sword was also broken, his stool and other insignia smashed, and his dignity as a native chief thus terminated, with every mark of ignominy.

Swindling in France.—A new species of swindling has just been practised at the fairs of Concouran, Pradelle, ar d Langogne in the Ardeche. A man went amongst the young peasants, who, as usual, assembled to offer their services for hire, and representing himself to be a coffee-house keeper at Le Puys, said that he had to engage a number of young men as waiters both for himself and some other coffee-house keepers in the same place. The terms he offered were liberal, and as he represented the duties as very light, he had numerous applicants, but instead of concluding a bargain with them by, according to local custom, a shake of the hand, he would not do so until they had deposited, as security for their honesty, the largest sums they could severally raise. With the money so deposited, he, of course, decamped. Complaints having been made, he was arrested at Lanacre, and a sum of 300 francs, which he had so swindled, was found on him. He has been committed for trial.—*Galignani.*

Excessive Modesty.—Disraeli tells us of a man of letters, of England, who had passed his life in constant study; and it was observed that he had written several folio volumes, which his modest fears would not permit him to expose to the eye even of his critical friends. He promised to leave his labors to posterity, and he seemed sometimes, with a glow on his countenance, to exult that they would not be unworthy of their acceptance. At his death, his sensibility took the alarm; he had the folios brought to his bed; no one could open them, for they were closely locked. At the sight of his favorite and mysterious labors, he paused; he seemed disturbed in his mind, while he felt at every moment his strength decaying. Suddenly he raised his feeble hands by an effort of firm resolve, burned his papers, and smiled as the greedy Vulcan licked up every page. The task exhausted all his remaining strength, and he soon afterwards expired.

The Queens of France.—The *Dublin University Magazine*, commenting upon the lives of the royal and imperial wives of France, states that there are but thirteen out of sixty-seven on whose memory there is no dark stain of sorrow. A cotemporary, in summing up the statement, says: "Of the others, eleven were divorced; two died by the executioner; nine died very young; seven were soon widowed; three were cruelly traduced; three were exiles; three were bad in different degrees of evil; the prisoners and the heart-broken made up the remainder. Twenty who were buried at St. Denis since the time of Charlemagne, were denied the rest of the grave. Their remains were dragged from the tomb, exposed to the insults of the revolutionary populace, and then flung into a trench and covered with quicklime."

Destruction of Half a Village in Piedmont.—A serious accident took place recently at the village of Arna, in the commune of Varese, half way between Aosta and Ivrea, and two or three miles from the romantic and impregnable citadel of Fort Bard. A torrent which falls over the precipice behind the village, and joins the Dora Grossa a little way below, was swollen by the rainstorm that came on that evening to such a degree that it washed down a great mass of earth and rocks from the mountain side, and overwhelmed the lower part of the village. Many houses were buried in the falling mass, and between 30 and 40 persons, while sleeping in their beds—for the avalanche came at half past ten o'clock at night—instantly perished.

The Garden of Gethsemane.—This venerated scene of Our Lord's Passion is about the third of an acre in extent, and is surrounded by a low wall. When Mr. Catherwood was there, in 1834, taking the drawings for his beautiful Panorama of Jerusalem, the garden was planted with olives, almond and fig trees. Eight of the olive trees are so large that they are said to have been in existence ever since the time of our Saviour; although we learn from Josephus that Titus cut down all the trees within 100 furlongs of the city. These trees are highly venerated by the members of the Catholic communion here, who consider any attempt to cut or injure them an act of profanation.—*Curiosities of History.*

Advantage of Punctuation.—Punctuation, that is the putting the stops in the right places, cannot be too sedulously studied. We lately read in a country paper the following startling account of Lord Palmerston's appearance in the House of Commons: "Lord Palmerston then entered on his head, a white hat on his feet, large but well-polished boots on his brow, a dark cloud in his hand, his faithful walking stick in his eye, a menacing glare saying nothing. He sat down."—*Punch.*

Dancing Congress at Vienna.—Another congress has been held at Vienna—one of dancing masters. It was attended not only by all the principal masters of that city, but by deputations from Prague and Odessa. The object of it was to deliberate on the grave question of the introduction of new figures in dancing, and the congress, after much anxious reflection, came to the resolution of adopting a new quadrille invented by a dancing-master of Prague, of the name of Eichler.

The Seven-eared Wheat.—This is the kind of wheat formerly raised in Egypt and Syria, and often mentioned in the Bible under the name of corn, which meant then any sort of grain of which bread was made. The wisdom of God is strikingly shown in the stalk of Egyptian wheat; if it was hollow and weak, like common corn, it would break with the weight; but it is solidly filled with a sort of pith, and thus rendered sufficiently firm.

Railway Officials in India.—The five railway companies in India have in their service 600 Europeans, divided as follows: The East Indian (Bengal) sent out from this country 250; the Madras, do., 100; Great Indian Peninsula, (Bombay,) 110; Scinde, 20; Bombay and Baroda, 40; total, 420. Others are engaged in India, making as nearly as possible the number stated above.

Shoal of Salmon.—During the several days in the beginning of last week the river Doon, (Ireland,) near its mouth, was almost choked up with salmon endeavoring, apparently, to ascend the river for the purpose of spawning. The water in the river was so low that several of the fish stranded themselves in shallow pools, and one was taken with the hand of a party who had observed its situation from the bank.

The Cholera in the North of Europe.—The cholera continues to make numerous victims at Stockholm. At Upsal it is so bad that desolation and panic prevail, and at Christiana 300 persons have been carried off. In Norway also it is committing sad ravages. It has broken out with great violence at Konigsberg, attacking its victims without any premonitory symptoms. Most of the cases proved fatal.

A shocking catastrophe has taken place at Dunbar, Scotland. A Mr. William Wilson, of London, was staying there with his family; and two of the youngest daughters went into the sea to bathe, where they appeared in danger of drowning, owing to the roughness of the waves. The father and eldest brother rushed in after them; and all perished. Mrs. Wilson, in the wildness of her distraction, also endeavored to rush into the water in the hope of saving them; but she was forcibly dragged back, or she, too, would have been lost.

Gustave Planche, the most eminent critic of France, died lately after a short but very painful illness.

We find in the *Calcutta Englishman* of July 28th, an article calculated to throw doubts upon the statements of the London press respecting Nena Sahib. This article was written by a correspondent of the *Englishman* at Cawnpore, after the mutiny had taken place in that city, when Nena Sahib was its undisputed holder, and at the very time that he is represented as having perpetrated those massacres. Here is an extract: "The thirty-two ladies and children who were left behind were conveyed by Nena Sahib into a pucca-house, called the Subahdur, and kept in custody by Nena Sahib's people, *but without being insulted.* One Portuguese woman, the wife of a bugler, was made captive by a trooper of the 2nd Cavalry, and carried to his house, when the mutiny first broke out; but when he was absent, she took his sword, and killed his wife and two children, and then herself. Our informant states that when he left Cawnpore, *the ladies and children were fed by Nena Sahib's own servants.*"—*Nation.*

The most manifest point of the paralysation of the energy and manhood of the English nation by patronage, is shown in the difficulty in recruiting the army. The steel pen of the writer is too much for the feather of the recruiting officer. His flourish of promotion and prize money is as old as the thimble-rig. The army is the closest borough in England, and the veriest boor knows there are more kicks than halfpence to be got out of it. He has seen that the men may win such a battle as Inkermann, but the taboo of caste is on them. Nothing can shake the old brassy wall of patronage. A queen bestows a medal, intrinsically worth nothing. An officer even (wondrous to say!) shakes a very great hero of the ranks by the hand. A commission or two may be doled out; but the dead, impassable wall of gentility and the deep ditch of aristocratic pride render equality impossible.

The French Government has received despatches announcing that the Emperor of Morocco, who has been for some time unwell, has regulated his succession, and has appointed his son, who is governor of the province of Tafilat, to be his heir. This young man is said to have very warlike ideas, and to differ essentially from his father's policy.

Mdlle. Rachel, the celebrated actress, is in bad health and is obliged to endure a very severe regimen. One of the rules laid down by her physician is, that during the whole time of her treatment she shall not speak. In a letter to a friend, she declares her intention of conforming to the prescription, and of not uttering a word until the month of may next.

The *Hull Pacquet* says the cholera epidemic having made its appearance on the other side of the German Ocean, the Mayor and Corporation of Hull have taken efficient steps for supplying prompt medical and sanitary attention to any case that might possibly be imported, and have also systematically adopted sanitary precautions likely to prevent any outbreak here.

When the 8th and 17th embark there will be but four cavalry regiments in Ireland, and only eight in other parts of the United Kingdom. Three regiments have given volunteers to the regiments proceeding to India, and the average strength of each does not much exceed 200 sabres.

The number of prisoners about to be tried for the affair of June 29th at Genoa is thirty-nine, of whom about twenty are now in custody. Several of the prisoners have been implicated owing to the manner in which Mazzini spoke of the intended movements in his letters and in his journal.

No less than fourteen merchants have been declared insolvent at the Exchange, Constantinople. Nearly all are Greeks, who have been speculating extensively in the corn and bean trade, and unable, through the monetary crisis, to fulfil their engagements.

The Austrian government is resolved so to improve the port of Venice that large merchant vessels shall be able to get up to the city. The new railroad terminus will be built in such a way that docks, warehouses, &c., can be constructed close to it.

The Arabs have this laconic argument against duelling, which they consider a silly custom. If a man insult you (they say) kill him on the spot, but do not give him the opportunity to kill and insult you.

Omar Pacha has been nominated Governor-General of Bagdad. He is to establish steamers on the Tigris and Euphrates to protect commerce against Arabs. His salary is 500,000 francs.

The *United Service Gazette* states as a fact that the Soldiers' Infant School at Canterbury garrison is now governed by a girl not twelve years of age.

His Highness Duke Eugene of Wurtemburg died on the 17th ult., at his castle in Carlsruhe, in the 70th year of his age. The deceased duke was a general in the Russian service.

M. Manin, the patriotic dictator of Venice when it was besieged by the Austrians, died recently, at Paris, Rue Blanche, of disease of the heart, aged 53.

Socrates being asked whether it were better for a man to marry or remain single answered—"Let him take what course he will, he will repent it!"

The Duchess of Norfolk laid the foundation stone of the St. Marie's Catholic schools for girls, at Sheffield, recently.

The Crown Prince of Sweden is appointed President of the Council of Regency for the space of one year.

A splendid new post office is about being erected in Cork.

HOME MISCELLANY.

THE MORMON TEMPLE AT SALT LAKE.—The Temple at Salt Lake stands in the midst of a public square, ten acres in extent, which is surrounded by a high wall. The foundations of this wall and a portion of it several feet above the surface are built of stone. Above this it is made of adobes covered by a coating of cement, and capped with stone. In all, it is about sixteen feet in height, and is just completed. The foundations of the Temple have been laid, and the basement above them is now being built. A canal about twelve miles in length is being dug, in which boats are to ply and carry the stone from the quarries to the Temple to where it is used. Ordinary mechanics engaged on this work are allowed three dollars per day as wages, but are paid in orders on the church trading posts, where they supply themselves with provisions, clothing, or whatever else they need. The Temple, when completed, is to be used for the public meetings of the church for religious purposes, and is intended to accommodate several thousand persons. Hitherto no building erected has been large enough for this purpose. At present, the meetings are held in a structure called the Bowery, which is also inside of the Temple square, and which will accommodate between five and six thousand persons.

LIFE IN NEW YORK.—Two-thirds of the anxious, worn, cadaverous visages which flit up and down Wall street in agony, any of these days, belong to men who start in life with one of two great objects—to be President of the United States, or as rich as Mr. Astor. As there cannot be more than one President of the United States at a time, and as the office cannot be had by any successful amount of stock-jobbing, the majority speedily abandon all hopes of presiding over the destinies of this great nation, and fix their whole attention upon Mr. Astor's fortune. A large house is the god of a New Yorker's idolatry, and the women, far from standing aloof from the struggle, halloo their husbands on to bolder ventures. They stake largely, too, on the result. They buy bolder from the milliners and jewelers and carriage makers, on the faith of their husband's good luck. If he makes a bad throw, so much the worse for the milliner and jeweler and carriage maker. There is consternation in the palace, and bailiffs are in the hall; but the storm soon blows over, and the stars shine out again.

THE EVIL OF LONG CREDITS.—It is now sufficiently obvious that the difficulties under which the commercial world is laboring result more or less directly from the abuse of credit, and that a very considerable share of that abuse occurs in the dry goods trade. The usual length of credit among this class of merchants is eight months, while the importer's credit never exceeds five months, and in many cases does not amount to so long a time. Therefore there is against the importer a balance of three months' time—a very serious consideration—which is rendered more so by the continual risk he undergoes in giving that amount of credit, which enables the retailer to purchase goods for both the fall and summer trade *before paying for any*. We are aware of the difficulties which beset a determination to alter an existing state of credit, but is it possible for any country to do a safe business on so unsound a principle? Why not at once take measures to concert a combined reduction of their term of credit to four months, and form the nucleus of a really sound business system? —*New York Evening Post.*

MEN DISCHARGED.—All over the country, we observe by the papers, that men in large manufacturing establishments are being discharged from employment, owing to the stringency of money matters, which compels them to curtail their expenses. In all the large manufacturing towns of the country this is daily taking place. The Michigan Central Railroad Company discharged no less than five hundred of their employees on the 1st day of the month, and will soon discharge more. Messrs. Jackson & Willey, of Detroit, discharged the greater part of the men employed in their extensive iron works, at the same time, being over one hundred in number. The Detroit Locomotive Works also discharged thirty men, selecting those who had no families to provide for. They will dispense with the services of a large number more as soon as the locomotives now under process of construction are completed, which will be in the course of a few weeks.—*Exchange paper.*

A LARGE FORTUNE.—J. H. Schroeder, the wine and liquor merchant of Louisville, says the *Courier*, is one of the heirs to a fortune of 52,000,000 guilders, in the city of Amsterdam. This sum has been accumulating ever since 1780, at compound interest, and has, of course, nearly twice doubled itself. The heirs-at-law have, in the meantime, increased even in a greater ratio, the number at present having reached one hundred and twenty. A guilder is worth something less than fifty cents, and any one good at ciphering will see at once that Col. Schroeder's share is about half a million.

HIGH PRICES.—It is wonderful in these times of severe pecuniary embarrassment, how dealers in the article of meats are able to keep up the present enormously high prices. While almost everything else has fallen in price, while money to buy anything is so scarce, and while so many consumers are in need of employment to obtain the means of buying anything, the price of meats is maintained at its old figure. If there really is a combination by drovers and butchers to keep up these prices, there ought also to be an associated effort by consumers to reduce them.—*Catskill Recorder and Democrat.*

THAT SURPLUS.—The amount in the Treasury, on the 26th ult., subject to draft, was $16,012,035 33, showing a decrease within the week of nearly twelve hundred thousand dollars. It is nearly certain that the decrease for the week ending on Saturday, the 3d instant, was still more marked, as very large amounts of United States stock had gone forward for redemption, so that in all probability the amount now at the disposal of the treasury, is less than fifteen millions, and by the meeting of Congress in December there will be little surplus to tempt the cupidity of speculators, or induce a resort to doubtful expedients for relieving the monetary plethora in the vaults of Uncle Sam. We trust that the surplus may be merely nominal, and that as much of the public debt may be paid as possible, rendering it possible for our government to return to the unexpensive standard of former days.

STEAM ON COMMON ROADS.—A common road locomotive, built by Mr. R. Dudgeon, of Goerick street, N. Y., has for several days been running in Grand street, Broadway, and other thoroughfares, and had made a trip to Harlem and back. Its speed is about equal to the average speed of horses in stages, and it seems to be controlled with as much ease, and with more certainty. The popular notion that horses would be alarmed by such vehicles, and that they cannot ascend hills on account of their wheels slipping, is refuted by the performance of this engine, which has met with no case of difficulty of this nature, although it has run for a considerable part of several days in crowded streets, followed by crowds of noisy boys.

THE EAST INDIA COMPANY.—Rev. Dr. Caruthers, of Portland, has been lecturing in that city upon India. He is reported by the *State of Maine* as handling the East India Company as follows: "This anomalous government—a trading company—exercising civil powers over a subject and conquered people, was denounced, as the worst possible form of despotism, tyranny and oppression, regardless alike of the civil rights and the religious superstitions of the people; the only object, gain and the means of extortion, directed to the sole end of realizing the greatest possible amount of money. The recent outbreak is the natural result of the long continued series of wrongs and insults heaped upon the people by their foreign rulers."

CHEATING POOR GIRLS IN NEW YORK.—It is found that among other moral duties for which New York is pre-eminent, that of swindling the female servants by "respectable" people has taken a decided place. The plan is to go to the intelligence office—engage a servant—get her to scrub and to do charing, and the heavy and coarse washing of the family—and then put her to do some fancy cooking—some gimcrackery of the kitchen. The "help" not being skilled in the culinary art and mystery, fails; and being soundly rated for her pretentiousness, she is unceremoniously evicted, without receiving a cent for the labor she has gone through!

PRIZE FIGHT EXTRAORDINARY.—In New Orleans, lately, a fierce tom-cat and bull-dog were pitted against each other, for a wager of $25. The brutal and disgusting spectacle was witnessed by a large crowd, and bets were made on the result, some as high as $250. After a bloody contest, in which the cat was almost torn to pieces, and the dog's eyes scratched away, the former was declared the victor. The dog was put out of his misery by a pistol-shot, and the cat soon afterwards died.

DESCENDANTS OF FRANKLIN.—A correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* says: "There are about eighty descendants of Dr. Franklin now living in the States of Rhode Island, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Kentucky, and in the district of Columbia. Mrs. W. J. Duane, of this city, is the oldest descendant now living. Dr. Franklin Bache, professor of chemistry in Jefferson College, is the eldest son of the eldest son of Dr. Franklin's only daughter."

IMMIGRATION TO BUENOS AYRES.—From four to five hundred Swiss emigrants are located in the province of Entre Rios, Buenos Ayres, under the immediate auspices of the President of the Confederation; each family of four persons receiving sixteen squares—that is sixty-four acres of good arable land—one hundred silver dollars, four oxen, three cows, and the timber requisite for the construction of their houses. Six thousand political emigrants are also expected from Naples.

A DILATORY OFFICIAL.—A Legislative Committee of Investigation in Wisconsin has made a report, saying that while the late geologist of that State, Percival the Poet, was pinched with poverty, and went to his grave in the belief that the State had defrauded him, the late Governor Barstow had drawn and lying in his hands the sum of $1,760, belonging to Percival, and which he did not pay into the State Treasury until six months after he (Barstow) had ceased to be Governor.—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

AN OLD RELIC BROUGHT TO LIGHT.—while some men were heaving up the anchor of a vessel at Newark, N. J., recently, it was found to have hooked up another anchor, about six feet in the shank and very much eaten with rust. It belonged to one of the English men-of-war which were sunk there during the Revolution, and the fragments of whose wrecks are abundantly scattered about the bottom of the river.

REVOLUTIONARY PENSIONS.—The names of fifty-five thousand, and ninety of those who served in the Revolution, have been placed on the pension rolls since the 18th of March, 1818, and on the 30th of June last only three hundred and forty-six of this number were reported living.

SNUBBED.—During the recent run upon one of the Philadelphia Banks, a "rough 'un" came up exhibiting a ten dollar bill, and swearing roundly because he could not get it changed. "What use is this thing to me," said he; "what I want is the hard stuff, and hang your shinplasters." At this point a pale-faced individual stepped up and volunteered to take the anathemetized ten at par, on account of a bill due him. Jakey looked blank at his creditor, and soon left amid the laughter of the lookers on.

WILL BUTTER BE CHEAPER?—A correspondent at Palmyra, writing to a New York merchant, says that the people need indulge no apprehension of any scarcity of daily food, such as cheese or butter, as the quantity of these articles produced the present season in the great dairy counties of the State exceeds that of any previous year by one-third. He estimates that in the counties referred to there have been made at least 70,000 firkins more butter than ever in one season.

LARGE DROVE.—A drove of four hundred and sixty Mexican oxen passed through Chicago lately, en route for the East. They were purchased on the Mexican ranches, and have been several months in coming through the States. As a whole, it was the handsomest drove of cattle we ever saw; all being of the same blood, of the broad horn species. The drivers—three white men and two Indians—were mounted on Mexican mustangs.

A FATAL DISEASE AT CHICAGO.—A New York paper has seen a private letter from Chicago stating that a mysterious epidemic has broken out there, and proved fatal to many persons, all of whom were sick but a few hours. The disease is said to resemble black vomit, but the physicians have been unable, so far, to determine its real character. A large number of cattle have also been carried off, the same symptoms being presented upon them.

A HAPPY PEOPLE.—By a provision in the Arkansas constitution the establishment of banks is prohibited in this State. The Little Rock *Democrat* rejoices over the fact, and says that the citizens of that State are only troubled by the "worthless rag currency from Tennessee, the Carolinas, Georgia, and Kentucky." Such a State must necessarily prosper.—*Nashville Union.*

A BAND OF DESPERADOES.—A very formidable expedition landed at Munlege, a port on the Gulf of California, a short time ago, consisting of no less than one hundred desperate convicts, who had escaped from the penal settlements on Carmen Island, and under the command of the notorious bandit, Juan Pico, had seized a vessel, and made this attempt to force their way out of the country.

TOMATO CHAMPAGNE.—A Tennessee paper records the manufacture of a novel beverage in the shape of wine expressed from the juice of the tomato. Good judges pronounce it a first-rate article. Its ingredients are simply the pure juice of the tomato and sugar, and it much resembles champagne, having a light transparent color, with a pleasant, palatable flavor.

An Albany paper says that "a populous village, in the interior of this State, on the regular market day, was thronged with farmers' teams with grain, potatoes, apples, &c. But not a sale could be made. Not on account of any disagreement as to price, but because the storekeepers had no convertible currency. And as we understand, for the first time within the recollection of the inhabitants, the farmers refused to store their produce, so utterly distrustful were they. Every article of produce offered was taken home."

In consequence of the suspensions of factories much suffering has been caused in Fall River, Mass. A local paper says that "whole families are suffering for *bread*—the fathers willing and eager to work, but nothing to do. We have heard tales of distress," says an exchange, "that would bring tears to the eyes of the most indifferent. Those people must have *bread* or *starve*, and this is not a community to allow the latter."

Charles Astor Bridsted, the grandson of John Jacob Astor—the literary millionaire—the man whose glove bill is $400 per annum—is now at Baden-Baden, where he has bought a splendid villa, and is astonishing the natives with his American trotters. The old folks make the money, and the young ones know how to spend it.

About twenty of the most incorrigible thieves in San Francisco were recently exhibited on the Plaza by the police. The exhibition was free, and was well attended by as many as three thousand citizens. The rogues were fastened two by two to a rope, which extended about thirty yards.

The financial pressure has already extended into the far off and newly-settled territory of Nebraska. Two banks, the Exchange Bank of Omaha and the Fontanelle Bank at Bell River, both of which were established within the last twelve months, are reported to be bad failures.

The Norfolk *Argus* says: "Many fruit trees in this section have bloomed the second time this year. Apple and pear trees have been twice in full bloom. We were shown an apple, one of the second crop of a tree in the garden of a gentleman in this city."

The redemption of stocks has been discontinued at the United States Treasury, the current revenue being now less than the current expenditure of the country. $3,000,000 of United States stock has been redeemed thus far, and there remains but about $500,000 available.

Mr. Kellum, overseer of the poor in Albany, caught some standard old street beggars drawing their specie out of the Savings Bank. He says, "they shan't have any soup next winter."

A Chess Congress has been in session in this city for some days past. One of the players, Mr. Paulson, of Dubuque, Iowa, played four games of chess, simultaneously, against four strong players, and without seeing either of the boards.

There has been cut in Calhoun County, Ill., a tree that produced 5,000 staves and six and a-half cords of wood, which sold for $74 50. Square miles of such timber, of less size, but big enough for staves, railroad ties, and all kinds of wood work, line the Ohio river in Kentucky.

Among the curiosities at the Massachusetts Mechanic's Fair is an infant's blanket wrought one hundred and forty years ago, by the mother of Samuel Adams of revolutionary fame, and in which that worthy was wrapped at his christening.

Some idea of the extent of the herring fishery in Maine may be obtained from the fact that at Treat's Island there were caught, salted and strung up for smoking, in five days, week before last, what will make or pack five thousand boxes.

A great demand for mechanics exists at present in Memphis, Tenn. Bricklayers and carpenters, especially, are in great request. The city is growing rapidly, demand for labor is great, and remunerating prices are paid.

An old woman stole a package of money containing $1,800, from the Bates mill, Lowell, Mass., and then induced a young man to run off with her to be married. She gave her chosen one $500 to become her husband.

The hurricane deck, wheel-house, pilot-house, &c., belonging to the steamship Central America, was seen on the 17th of September, about fifty miles northeast of Cape Hatteras, by the captain of a coasting schooner.

The statement in many of our Exchanges to the effect that Fanny Fern receives $5,000 a year for her writing in the N. Y. *Ledger* is incorrect. She does not receive one-fourth of that sum.

The Sound steamer Empire State, from New York for Boston, during a dense fog on Monday of last week, ran on the rocks at Hell Gate and was sunk. The passengers, 150 of whom were females, and crew were all saved.

A Western paper offers to add Mr. or Esq. to the names of such subscribers as will pay 25 cents a year for the extra handle to their names. For 50 cents he will put on both handles thus: Mr. Peter Nobody, Esq.

Six Indians ran a ten-mile foot race in Buffalo recently. A Cattaraugus Indian named Smith completed the distance in fifty-six minutes thirty-two seconds. All the others were nearly an hour.

Hollow bricks have been demonstrated to be able to resist, like hollow iron pillars, double the weight of solid ones. It is a curious fact in mechanics, but seems to be indisputable.

A man died last summer in Cuba, aged 165 years, according to the newspapers, which add that "his first sickness was that which carried him to his grave."

The New York State Fair at Buffalo closed on the 9th instant, after an oration from Hon. Edward Everett. The total receipts this year have been $16,000.

Mr. James Ward, who owns a large number of tenements in Chicago, has, in view of the hard times, visited his tenants and reduced their rents 20 per cent. each.

The Indians on the Plains are becoming very troublesome to emigrants. Their last attempt was the stoppage of the United States mail train from Independence, Mo., to Santa Fe.

A young lady on being told that her lover was suddenly killed, exclaimed: "Oh, that splendid gold watch of his—give me that—to remember him by!"

Charles Shurtz, the Republican candidate for Lieut. Governor of Wisconsin, is a German refugee from the prison of Nanguard, where he was confined for political offences in 1848.

St. John's Catholic Church and School-house, three miles from Newport, Ky., were destroyed lately by lightning.

By a recent census of Milwaukee, it has been ascertained that the city contains a population of 44,542.

The standing army of the United States, as now organized, number seventeen thousand three hundred and twenty-six men.

Two distinct shocks of an earthquake were felt at St. Louis, Mo., and Springfield, Ill., on the 8th inst., which were quite severe.

George Washington Parke Custis, the last member of Washington's family, died at his residence near Alexandria, Va., on the 11th inst.

Over ten thousand dollars is nightly spent in this city at the principal places of amusements, theatres, &c.

Hon. E. N. Archibald, late Attorney General of Newfoundland, has received the appointment of British Consul at this port.

The tunnel through the Blue Ridge is completed and will soon be ready for the passage of trains.

Nearly 4,000 stray dogs have been carried to the pound in New York since the middle of June.

The Governor and Council of New Hampshire have appointed Thursday, Nov. 26th, for Thanksgiving Day in that State.

About $10,000 are yearly paid for medicines by the Governors of the N. Y. city almshouse.

Whiskey is at the bottom of most of the difficulties with the Chippewa Indians.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A NEW JERSEY MILITIA MAN complains that our late remarks on the State Militia of New Jersey were un, deserved, "as there is not a better drilled body of men in the Union, and their presence at Bergen Hill on the recent occas'on was not a self-sought one, but an imperative duty." Owing to a late parade which we witnessed in Newark we can fully subscribe to a "Militia Man's" estimate of our neighboring States' citizen soldiery, and we certainly never intended in our remarks on the Bergen Hill trouble to detract from the merit due to the 600 men who marched to the scene of disturbance at the command of their officers, acting at the desire of the Sheriff. Obedience to authority of any kind is so scarce in a democracy like ours that we cannot afford to underrate it, and we who have suffered so much in recent years from mob-law, should be the last to do so.

Our remarks on the Jersey Militia were colored by the evidently just cause of the laborers; and as we had only the choice of regretting that the representatives of the law were found in opposition to this cause, or justifying a breach of the peace, we preferred laughing with Democritus, to weeping with Heraclitus.

AUTUMN.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

Where are the songs of summer? With the sun,
Opening the dusky eyelids of the South,
Till shade and silence waken up as one,
And morning sings with a warm, odorous mouth.
Where are the merry birds? Away, away,
On panting wings through the inclement skies,
Lest owls should prey
Undazzled at noon-day,
And tear with horny beak their lustrous eyes.
Where are the blooms of summer? In the West,
Blushing their last to the last sunny hours,
When the mild Eve by sudden Night is prest,
Like tearful Proserpine snatched from her flowers
To a most gloomy breast.
Where is the pride of summer—the green prime—
The many, many leaves all twinkling? Three
On the mossed elm; three on the naked lime
Trembling—and one upon the old oak tree!
Where is the Dryad's immortality?—
Gone in the mournful cypress and dark yew,
Or wearing the long gloomy winter through
In the smooth holly's green eternity.
The squirrel gloats on his accomplished hoard,
The ants have brimmed their garners with ripe grain,
And honey bees have stored
The sweets of summer in their luscious cells;
The swallows all have winged across the main;
But here the Autumn melancholy dwells,
And sighe her tearful spells
Amongst the sunless shadows of the plain.
Alone, alone,
Upon a mossy stone,
She sits and reckons up the dead and gone,
With the last leaves for a lone rosary,
While all the withered world looks drearily,
Like a dim picture of the drowned past
In the hushed mind's mysterious far away,
Doubtful what ghostly thing will steal the last
Into that distance, gray upon the grav.
O go and sit with her, and be o'ershadowed
Under the languid downfall of her hair;
She wears a carcnal of flowers faded
Upon her forehead, and a face of care;—
There is enough of withered everywhere
To make her bower; and enough of gloom;
There is enough of sadness now to write,
If only for the rose that died—whose doom
Is beauty's—see that with the living bloom
Of conscious cheeks most beautifies the light;
There is enough of sorrowing, and quite
Enough of bitter fruits the earth doth bear—
Enough of chilly droppings from her bowl;
Enough of fear and shadowy despair,
To frame her cloudy prison for the soul!

NEW YORK TABLET.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCT. 24, '57.

OUR NEW STORY.

THE first Chapter of Mrs. Sadlier's new story, "O'BYRNE, OF THE EXPATRIATED," will appear in our next issue. Of its character, incidents, or merit, this is not the proper place to speak; but the assurance of Mrs. Sadlier's powers in her department of literature, in the past, might even justify an encomium on them in advance.

"Elinor Preston; or, Scenes at Home and Abroad," has been eagerly sought for, and justly admired. It mainly portrays the life of the "well-to-do" classes of Irish in Ireland; and, to be consistent with truth, the writer could not avail herself of those exciting scenes and social wrongs which characterize the humbler life of the people. Nevertheless, we think our readers will agree with us, that "Elinor Preston" has added to Mrs. Sadlier's reputation as an author capable of passing from one phase of society to another, and being equally at home in a description of the peculiarities of both.

A LEAF IN THE LIFE OF A FILLIBUSTER.

FROM time to time we have asked our readers to follow us through the different passages in the story of William Walker's invasion of Nicaragua, and on each occasion they have done so with an earnestness which bespoke their interest in the result of that diabolically devised, and diabolically effected raid upon a comparatively defenceless people. If we ask them to return again to its closing scene, the burning and sacking of Granada, it is not because we wish to increase their detestation of those who upheld its author even while the torch and the "soldiers on the plaza" were doing their work in the great drama of Nicaraguan "regeneration," for that were impossible; but we wish to give the last touches to a picture of outrages which would be incomplete without them—a picture of which this generation has seen no parallel in any land under heaven except in India, and which the next, unless it be devoid of all conscience and feeling, will turn away from in disgust. We say that the tragedy acted by Walker in Nicaragua would be "incomplete" without the filling up which we propose to give to the last scene in Granada; for no matter how much we may know of his thievings and murders in Rivas, Minagua, and other places; no matter how fully we may have accustomed ourselves to look upon the burning of Granada as his crowning crime, we can form no adequate conception of him or his, without a knowledge of the devilish transactions which took place before his retreat from that devoted city. Our authority for the statements which we propose to give is a respected friend, who is a warm Irish-American, and an officer on board of a U. S. Frigate in service off Panama; a man whose word can be relied upon as that of one speaking advisedly, and as unmoved by prejudice as he is incapable of exaggeration.

When Walker found that he could no longer hold out in Granada against the Costa Ricans he inaugurated the work of plunder by giving, in the presence of the army, whispered orders to the Captains, the substance of which may be guessed from the fact that one Captain Dolan (!), forthwith entered a house and said to the lady who owned it: "Madam, I am ordered by President Walker, to burn your house, unless you instantly pay me the sum of five hundred dollars." "Merciful God!" exclaimed the woman, "I have not that amount in the world! and why, O God! tell me why," said she, falling on her knees, "am I thus punished? My only son died fighting by his side at the battle of Rivas, and my husband has lent him $8,000." "I have my orders," was the cold reply. "What *can* you pay me," said he, "to spare your house?" "$180 is all that I have." "Pay me that, then, and borrow twenty more." She did so, not suspecting the order to destroy was universal. "Well, boys," said Dolan, "we have got $180; that's enough for this house; fire away!" And the torch was at once applied.

One outrage followed another. The cane-built hovels of the Indians soon took fire and the wildest orgies that drunken madness could conceive were executed. Native citizens, as they were carrying from their burning buildings the little wealth which Walker's rapacity left them, were mercilessly set upon, and inhumanly told when dying—"G——d—— you, we came here for money, and we will have it." Then, when the terror-stricken inhabitants were rushing from their falling roofs, while the screams of violated women resounded in the streets, when the Plaza was crowded with fugitive women and children, some praying to God for protection, some imprecating curses upon the heads of their persecutors, and some silent, speechless monuments of despair, *a fearful spectacle issued forth from the door of the Grand Parochial Church. While its roof was all in flames, the image of the dying Saviour on the cross was borne from the portals of the church, upon the shoulders of four drunken disciples of the great "Apostle of Nicaraguan Liberty." Two of the four were "officers" of the army (General Sanders and Colonel Rodgers). Behind the sacred symbol followed a motley crowd, some clothed in sacerdotal robes; others enveloped in costly silk and satin, the ornaments of the church wound in fantastic forms around them.* The shameful procession moved in mock solemnity to the rum-shop known as "the Walker House," *and there, amid shouts and screams of derisive laughter, they celebrated what they pleased to call, in hideous mockery, "The Last Supper."* The sacred symbol was here overturned in the dust, and pelted with empty brandy bottles; and all this was done to the image of that crucified Saviour, who, in His last agonies, said of His persecutors: "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do!"

The pen almost refuses its office when called upon to portray that dreadful spectacle—a spectacle which the Reign of Terror alone can fe'low in all the concomitants of burnings, robberies, murders, violations, and sacrilege. Here we have a city in flames, an enemy at the walls, a rabble soldiery within, engaged in the various forms of license, and a drunken procession reeling in the consecrated vestments of the altar from the porch of the Cathedral Church, headed by a life-sized image of the Saviour on the Cross, held up to the jeers of the crowd on the shoulders of four men in the red heat of intoxication. The next scene opens in the bar-room of a groggery, where the procession has resolved itself into a parody on the Last Supper. There, in an atmosphere of oaths, stands the image of the crucified Saviour, and here and around, stagger the sacrilegious despoilers, and blaspheme the God who redeemed them. The third scene presents no change in the place and no new actors, but the image is crushed and kicked to the floor, and in the wild height of their hellish revel the now almost delirious fiends fling brandy bottles at the sign of the Cross of Calvary, and the representation of the suffering Saviour.

There is no need of referring to the plunder of forty-eight half-silver bells, and gold and silver ornaments from the churches of Granada by Walker and his ruffians when we have such scenes as these before us! There is no need of referring to the booty captured by the Costa Ricans on the *San Carlos* when we have orgies like these in the mind's eye! But history to be truthful must take cognizance of them, and to her care we leave them.

A few words by way of *finis:*

The renegade Irishmen who have espoused and advocated the cause of Walker, not content with putting their hero on a par with Washington, Lafayette, and other illustrious names, as a "benefactor of humanity," have made several efforts to drag poor Tom Moore into the slough of discredit where they have been stranded by the ebbed confidence of their countrymen. With the instinct of men conscious of favoring an unpopular and despicable scheme against the rights and liberties of a friendly people, they have endeavored to relieve their lonesomeness by dragging down to their own moral level established reputations, and attempted to hide their mental nakedness by a parade of the filched and perverted genius of the dead. It is not our place to deliver the character of Washington from the association in which these men have placed it; but we protest against their use of the genius of Tom Moore. The sweet bard never contemplated that his apostrophe on "Rebellion" would be turned into an apology for piracy, or that his regret over the failure of "spirits born to *bless*," would be quoted against those who refused to weep over the failure of bandits solely willing to *curse* their species. He never thought that an apostrophe to Kerman's hardy mountaineers—

"Those mountaineers who truest, last,
Clung to their country's ancient rites,"

would be used as a justification of those who made indiscriminate war upon the "ancient rites" of the Nicaraugans battling for their freedom against a foreign horde. When he referred to the fact that Voltaire's tragedy of *Les Guebers* was generally supposed to have alluded to the Jansenists, and added that "he would not be surprised if the story of the Fire-Worshippers were found capable of a similar doubleness of application," he evidently alluded to the war of the two races in Ireland; and his sentiments in reference to the Ghebers throughout that noble poem are sufficiently explicit to show that he sympathized with the older race as against their Mahomedan invaders.

Irish sympathizers with Walker, do not desecrate the memory of our greatest Bard! If you ask him to bear witness see that you allow him to speak as he was wont of injustice, or let his shade rest. Your forefathers respected the sacred character of the songster, and held it a crime next to the killing of God's anointed to assault him whose voice led them to war, and made musical and joyous the interludes of peace. Imitate them in this, even if you discard all their other virtues!

LAW AND LICENSE—EUGENE SUE AND THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT.

ONE of the most generally conceded arguments in favor of the existence of a Supreme Being, is the fact that He has been acknowledged, in all times and places by the "common consent" of mankind. The philosophy founded on the asseveration of the capacity of the human intellect, had no competent answer for such an argument, and capitulated to it. In the less important affairs of history the same "common consent" has determined our heroes and our villians; and we bow to a decision so unanimous because we have no higher tribunal to decide their merits, and demerits. An historian may be prejudiced, a province or a people mislead; but the winnowing wand of History herself—the genius that says who shall be immortal for glory or infamy—ultimately divides the chaff of error from the wheat of truth, and presents the latter to the world for preservation. History is but the "common consent" of mankind in a different form; and if we accept this "consent" in one case, we must show good reasons for discarding it in another. Where the laws of Science contravene, a generally received opinion, Science naturally deserves to be regarded; but in the matter of morality, Science can give no direction, and raise no obstacle. "common consent," then, to those who recognize no heaven-sent test of morality, may be fairly quoted for or against any man or principle, and either may be properly judged by it.

Before this tribunal, since his publication of the *History of the French Navy*, or rather, since the appearance of *The Mysteries of Paris*, Eugene Sue, novelist, lately deceased, has stood the rigors of a searching trial, and with the the ablest counsel on his side, with all the instincts of a depraved populace in his favor, he has been found guilty as an enemy of morality in the highest degree. His jury were fathers who, while they read his works, instinctively hid them from their daughters; brothers who, while they devoured his descriptions, would blush to own the fact in the presence of their sisters; and husbands who would sooner kill their wives than suffer them to be contaminated, by a perusal of his immodest suggestions. Men of every nation within the circuit of Christendom, these; and yet all by a "common consent," implied, not by their own actions, but by their disinclinations, branded Eugene Sue, novelist, as an assassin of innocence, and, of course, a patron of impurity. We are therefore surprised that a paper professing so much respect for public morals as the New York *Times* should disapprove, *on principle*, of the recent suppression of *Les Mysteres du Peuple*, Sue's last work, without showing that it is different in character from his other ones, or attempting to prove that the "common consent" of Sue's judges, which the *Times* would accept on the existence of the Deity, is wholly incompetent to decide the character of Monsieur

Eugene's works. For our own part we see no reason for such a course, unless the reason of no reason—a widely diffused, but little appreciated sort of wisdom.

As between *Les Mysteres du Peuple* and the French Government, the natural presumption is, unless we insist immoral works should be tolerated by authority, that the former is an offensive production, dangerous to the public peace and social morals, and that the Government has, in principle, done well in suppressing it. In the case of an author remarkable for the propriety of his writings to conclusion, in advance of proof, might be diligent; but in that of a man who made his reputation by pandering to profligacy, we have no right to consider him innocent until proved guilty.

What are the facts? Sue, departing from his beaten track of aggression on things socially sacred, in his *Mysteres du Peuple* purports to give the history of a family of the working class during several centuries. He represents the aristocracy as the descendants of a hostile race, the Franks, and the mass of the people as belonging to the Gallic race, which has been always oppressed by the former according to M. Sue; a distinction as hostile to political order, as it is historically untrue. He confers every cardinal virtue on the lower order, and insists that those born to a higher sphere of duty are naturally and necessarily their enemies: a course as destructive of Christian feeling and *national* greatness as it has been proved to be absurd. It requires no seer sight to see that a book made up of these ingredients courted criticism from the highest quarters, and attracted its own fate.

On the *policy* of suppressing works of this kind much may be said. The notice of the government, no doubt, gives importance to them and increases their sale, if not where they were written, in other countries. But France is not responsible for other countries. She attends to herself; and there is little reason to think, from recent acts of the French Government, that it contemplates suicide, or knows less of the French people and the way to govern them, than the editor of the N. Y. *Times*. Besides, books, like men, come before society subject to the conditions which society imposes, and must suffer for a disregard of them; and if these conditions have no right to assert themselves as against enemies—farewell, order; farewell, morality.

"Kansas," "stock jobbing," "Irish servant girls"—anything, gentlemen of the *Times*, is better than the advocacy of the *rights* of an immoral or disorganized literature;—as if that which is an outlaw in its nature, deserved the immunities of citizenship.

A NEW FEATURE IN THE "TABLET."

We will commence on the 10th page of our next number the publication of "The Life, Times and Writings of Cardinal de Berulle's, translated from the French of M. Nourisson, by Arthur F. Knobloch Esq., a new contributor.

Cardinal de Berulle is only known in America as the founder of the French Oratory in 1611, but he was connected with many of the most remarkable facts in the history and diplomacy of France, in precious and succeeding years. When the marriage of the Princess Henrietta Maria, the daughter of Henry IV., to Charles I. of England was concluded, the French King sent him to Rome to procure a dispensation on account of the difference of religion between the contracting parties, on which occasion Pope Urban VIII. said, "Mr. Berulle is not a man but an angel:" and we are assured by Perrault that his counsel chiefly determined Louis XIII to undertake the siege of Rochelle. In comparing Berulle as a statesman with his great contemporary Cardinal Richelieu, the student of Christian politics can scarcely fail to draw a conclusion favorable to the former: while in all that especially distinguishes a churchman, humility, piety, and good works, Cardinal Berulle will appear pre-eminently one of the central figures around which the Catholic society of France revolved in the quarter of a century over which his public life extended.

Mr. Knobloch, the translator of "The Life, Times and Writings" of the illustrious Cardinal, is a young writer, but promises to render useful service to American Catholic literature.

THE PANIC AND THE SAVINGS' BANKS.

We have often admired the wisdom of Agur's petition: "Give me neither poverty nor riches. Feed me with what is convenient to me, lest I be full and deny thee, and say who is the Lord? or lest I be poor and steal and take the name of God in vain." Content is equivalent to wealth, or, as Socrates, hassad it, "Content is *natural* wealth," and yet for those who have money in the banks, content, just now, is afar off. Disquietude is their constant companion. A defaulting stockholder appears to them at every corner; and they often permit their fancy to detect in yonder unoffending newspaper man the *lost remains* of a thieving cashier.

However reasonable this general distrust of our Banks may be in the financial crisis impending over and upon us, it is wholly undeserved in the instance of Savings' Banks. Without one exception that we have heard of, all these institutions in this State have sustained themselves against the fears of the community, and appear fully able to do so in future. If anything interfere with their complete solvency it will be the silliness of depositors. Of course we do not contemplate in this opinion the ill-advised use of money by Savings' Banks directors, or the ordinary accidents attending the dishonesty of employees. We merely mean that the Savings Banks, *if not run upon*, have no more to fear from the extraordinary stringency of the times than if specie were "easy" and stocks "high." If you have money there, keep it there.

THE ORPHANS.

In all times the cry of the orphan has had a special significance to the Catholic ear, and a season like the present should rather increase our attention to it than otherwise. God has seen fit to give us the charge of the parentless that we may act as parents towards them; and if the ties of consanguinity are wanting between us and them, religion weaves a thousand fibres of feeling which link us by the double spirit of duty and affection to these little lambs of Christ's flock. To deny the relationship would be to deny that which makes us all members of the family of faith, and to assert it by good works is one of the noblest evidences of Catholic charity.

We transfer to our editorial pages the following card, with great pleasure:

The Managers of the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum respectfully announce that their Annual Festival will take place at the Academy of Music, in 14th street, on Tuesday, the 22d inst. For the accommodation of the children, there will be an afternoon entertainment of a very attractive character. Amongst others who will appear are the celebrated Wood & Christy's Minstrels, who have kindly volunteered. The afternoon performance will commence at 2 o'clock precisely. The evening performances will commence at 7 1-2 o'clock. Tickets, 50 cents each, may be obtained from any of the Managers of the Institution, from the sextons of the several churches, at the principal Catholic Bookstores, and at the Academy of Music on the evening of the entertainment.

☞ The patrons of the Festival are earnestly cautioned against purchasing tickets from speculators who hang around the vicinity. The only persons authorized to sell will be stationed at appropriate places *within the Building*.

Wednesday, the 7th inst., being the anniversary of the death of Mrs. Ann Devine, the beloved wife of Mr. Patrick J. Devine, of Brooklyn, a solemn Mass of Requiem was offered in St. James's Cathedral for the repose of her soul. The Right Rev. Bishop Loughlin officiated, assisted by the Rev. Messrs. Walsh, Turner and Phelan. A large number of the friends and acquaintances of the deceased and husband were in attendance.

"Blessed are the clean of heart for they shall see God."—*Matt. ch. 5, v. 8.—Requiescat in pace.*

IMPORTANT TO THOSE WHO WANT LAND.

Annexed is an important item of information to those wishing to settle on Public Lands along the line of the Railroad from Dubuque, through Fort Dodge, to Sioux City in Iowa. All they have to do is to make a settlement on the land by erecting a cheap dwelling house, and giving notice of the fact to the proper Land Office, accompanied by a declaration that they intend to pay for it under the pre-emption law. They can then occupy and cultivate the quarter section for two or three years before making payment. Land warrants with which to make the payment can be bought cheaply during the coming winter. If the settler does not occupy the land it can be entered upon by another party; but a temporary absence does not effect his right. The land referred to in this extract is not all in the wilderness. A large proportion of it is in organized and well inhabited counties.

This fall and the approaching winter is the most favorable time that ever occurred to buy lands in the West. Lands in the interior counties of Iowa and Minnesota which would bring from $3 to $5 an acre a year ago are now selling daily by Auctioneers in Dubuque for from $1 50 to $2 an acre.

Land Grants—The Dubuque and Pacific Railroad.—We understand that the Land Department at Washington have opened for *pre-emption* the even numbered sections, being all the land owned by it within fifteen miles of the line of the Dubuque and Pacific Railroad (a land grant road) at the minimum price of $2 50 per acre. They will remain open to pre-emption, at this price, till the final allotment of the lands to the company, which may not happen for two or three years to come. The amount of land now open for pre-emption at the above rates, within fifteen miles of this road, is about 1,250,000 acres.

We regard this step as indicative of the policy to be pursued by government in reference to lands upon the lines of the land grant roads. Of its wisdom and justice we cannot speak in too high terms. Its inevitable effect will be to keep for years the price of land within reach of the settler that has no other means but the labor of his hands. The increased price over the rate ordinarily charged will be much more than compensated by its proximity to a railroad, while its construction and the population it draws in its train will create a market at high rates for whatever he can produce. The policy of government, which, we hope, is now permanently inaugurated, both secures the land to the settler at low rates and creates a market for his products that enables him easily to pay for it.

Another good result of this policy will be to neutralize the effect of the attempts to forestall the market by speculators, who have bought up enormous tracts at the government price of $1 25 per acre to sell at 1,000 to 2,000 per cent. advance. So long as land equally, and, in many cases, *more* favorably situated, can be had at $2 50 per acre, they must sell at the same rate. Comparatively low prices for land, so important to the settler and to the public good, must rule for some time to come.

The pre-emptor, on the line of the Dubuque and Pacific Railroad, will have the privilege of paying for his lands at any time before the final allotment. He may also, if he chooses, pay for them in government warrants, which are now selling as low as 83 cents on the dollar, or he can purchase the warrants by mortgage of the lands for their par value. It will thus be seen that, notwithstanding the vast grants to railroads, the policy of government may correct the evils greatly feared from them, and may place the settler in a more favorable position than if the grants had never been made.

At the request of its Rev. writer we insert the following note, published in the Cincinnati *Telegraph* of last week:

St. Peter's Church, Jefferson City, Mo., September, 21st, 1857.

Mr. Editor.—The object of this communication, which you will please to insert in the *Telegraph*, is to inform the Catholic public that an impostor, named William Scanlan, assuming the character of a priest, and adducing an authority from the Right Rev. Dr. Moriarty, Bishop of Kerry, to collect for the Cathedral of Killarney, is at present prosecuting his unholy mission in the United States. This unfortunate man to avoid detection assumes different names, but in part only: the significant one of Morris O'Connell. He has been detected in St. Louis after having collected there and in Jefferson City one hundred and sixty dollars, which has been restored to the donors.

For reasons not necessary to assign here, he was not prosecuted, and it is to be hoped his detection and public denunciation may prove more reasonable remedies for his offence than the punishment of a state prison. He is of the middle size, dark complexion, and clerically dressed. When last heard from he was on his way to New Orleans. Most respectfully,

Wm. Walsh, Priest,
Jefferson City, Mo.

New York Tablet please copy

NANNIE.

When summer strewed the fields with flowers,
And melting skies shed fresh'ning showers,
Down by Stranaally's ruined towers
I first beheld my Nannie.

Love's fire that long had dormant lain,
Blazed up anew in every vein,
The sparks that lit the fire again,
Flashed from the eyes of Nannie.

And from that fleet but fate-full hour,
I'm captive led by beauty's power,
Did she possess, nor land, nor dower
I'd prize her more than any.

Or did she wear an ancient Crown,
Or was she clad in russet gown,
Did fortune smile, or darkly frown,
My choice would still be Nannie.

Some seek for gold, and power, and fame,
Or some high sounding, empty name,
I seek, and fondly hope to claim,
Return of love from Nannie

This hope may prove a baseless dream,
Flitting across my life's dark stream,
Or like the lights that falsely gleam
O'er miry mead lands, many;

But prove it false, or prove it real,
Or bring it woe, or bring it weal,
I'll ever feel, and deeply feel
Undying love for Nannie!

R. Power.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

Notice to Subscribers.—Subscribers who may receive bills will please attend to them immediately, as our terms are payment in advance. We intend making the Tablet a first-class paper, and we cannot do it without adopting, as far as practicable, the cash principle.

Notice.—Wanted—A number of men, in the different States of the Union, to act as Agents for the Tablet, and for the sale of books. None but persons who can be well recommended need apply. D. & J. Sadlier & Co.

NEW AGENTS FOR THE TABLET.

Travelling Agents.

Rhode Island.—Mr. Joseph Eagan is authorized to collect and receive subscriptions for the Tablet in Rhode Island.

Canada West.—Mr. P. Tracy is authorized to collect and receive subscriptions for the Tablet in Canada West.

Mr. O. Fay is authorized to canvass for the Tablet in all the towns he may visit in this State.

Mr. Thomas P. Whelan is authorized to act as Agent for the Tablet in all the towns he may visit in the States of Illinois, Wisconsin, &c.

John J. Holland is authorized to canvass for new subscribers and collect all debts due the Tablet in all the towns throughout the Eastern States. He keeps on hand a good stock of Catholic publications.

Mr. John O'Malley will visit all the towns on both sides of the Hudson this and following weeks. He is fully authorized to collect and receive subscriptions for the Tablet. He has a good assortment of books on hand.

Mr. James McGee is duly authorized to collect and receive subscriptions for the Tablet in New York City. tf

Mr. James Doyle is authorized to canvass for the Tablet in Milbury, Mass., and other towns that he may visit.

Paterson, N. J.—Mr. Bernard O'Neil has consented to act as Agent for the Tablet in Paterson. He keeps on hand a good assortment of Catholic Books, Beads, Pictures, &c. He has the Tablet for sale.

London, C. W.—Our friends in London, C. W, will find the Tablet for sale at the Bookstore of Bernard Henry, Richmond street.

Mr. D. O'Sullivan has consented to act as our Agent in Flint, Michigan.

Owing to the press of matter on our pages we must again postpone our promised notices of new books, first among which in value, we place O'Mahoney's admirable translation of Dr. Geoffrey Keating's History of Ireland.

We beg to call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Mr. Joseph McGuire on another page. Mr. McGuire's recommendations for integrity and business capacity are as numerous as his acquaintances.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE AND ITS MANAGEMENT:

The Foggy and Fussy Fair at the Palace.—The non-Artistic Arrangement of the Articles on Exhibition.—Statuary and Sculptors.—Desecration of Christian Art.—The Machine Arcade and Machinery.—Dodworth's Band and Steam-Organ Grinding, &c.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE N. Y. TABLET.

SIR:—Having observed, some weeks ago, a description, in a city newspaper, of the neglected and filthy condition of an unfortunate "Institution" known as the Crystal Palace, and feeling some interest in what was once deservedly a point of attraction, I resolved to examine the premises personally and found that the reporter was rather lenient than otherwise. To those strictures are due, in some measure, the merit of shaming the hair-splitting hucksters who now traffic upon the old bones of the defunct Palace, to make, however reluctantly, some show of decency by removing a portion of the eye-sores and filth which followed them to the very threshold of their broker's exchange. The accumulating filth was partially removed from the Palace grounds. The fighting filthy dogs were warned to remove their fighting and frolics to some other bear garden, and the clawing and caterwauling of the feline caucusers under the dome has been succeeded by the not less noisy—to be sure—but less inodorous steam-belching organ.

One or two of the "fillibustering" goats however remain, and are tolerated as a nucleus for the threatened *great cattle show*. A nice sum is wheedled from the State Treasury annually on account of this excuse for, or rather mockery of, a cattle show. But we shall watch and endeavor to counteract the juggle this time. Besides the grubbing, and removing from off the grounds some of the filth, the old rotten awning has been *patched*, some of the windows have been *daubed*, other places have been besmeared with a non-descript sort of paint which resembles in hue the color of a pauper's coffin. Perhaps from the fact that the ground upon which the Palace stands having been once used as a Potter's Field, the idea of painting some of the building after the fashion of those cheap wooden boxes was suggested. Let the present incumbents by all means secure a patent for this novel and laughable mixture or *paint*. Trifling however as are those improvements, they are magnified by the cunning individuals who hold the Old Palace; and the many *sacrifices* and *investments* are frequently pointed out to the Palace Receiver. It is pleasant to see that forgiving gentleman once more satisfied with the *honor* of the heroes of the *coup d'etat* of last January. Let us, however, warn him to take counsel from the past and zealously guard against another movement. The tactics will be changed for there is no further need for fillibustering for possession. But, we will ask where was the need for detaching and hauling out two staircases, and exposing them to the action of the weather in an angle of the ground on 42d street? The staircases of the building cost the Association nearly $17,000, and the exposure to ruin of a pair of them does not argue very favorably for the protective vigilance of Crystal Palace property by the present incumbents. On entering the building the lover of Art naturally looks for a few of those famed remnants of statuary which remained there after the great Exhibition of 1853, and, much to his astonishment, he finds the world-renowned group of "Christ and his Apostles" scarcely approachable through a wilderness of cast-iron cooking-stoves, upon which a vast amount of lampblack seems to have been daubed, for the purpose of covering the rust as well as stopping the cracks and chinks. The Managers of this funny Fair must have striven hard to cover the floor, when they solicited the sympathy and support for that purpose of so many stove-venders. There is no fear but their patronizing visitors will be most emphatically reminded of approaching winter. This most important court of the Palace is almost devoted to stoves; until we reached the North Nave we could observe nothing else, save a shattered old windmill, a pheasant-house of bamboo, or bamboozle cane, and a few ruined showcases; except the once beautiful group in stone of "the Serpent in the Lion's Den," by Lavermore, Holland, which is thrust under a staircase. At a short distance in front of Thorwaldsen's group is a large block of mahogany, which, for want of more appropriate accommodation, is used as a resting-place by visitors; while in close proximity to the left elbow of Thaddeus, one of the Apostles, are placed three hollow nameless plaster caricatures, which the insulted Apostle ought to knock to pieces with his hatchet.

Being sufficiently dissatisfied with the poverty of the proceedings at the left side of the entrance, we groped back through the sable field of "Black Diamonds" "Kitchen Companions," and numerous other clap-trap stove epithets, and crossing to the right encountered thirteen pieces of statuary, "all in a row," as close together as standing corn, flanked at one end of the line by the commanding statue of Columbus, in marble, and at the other end by a plaster Bengal tiger. Behind this Indian file of statuary are placed a collection of tables having a modest display of Apples, Pears, &c., and clippings of some few flowers. Some of the fruit looks better than that exposed for sale by the crippled fruiterer outside the fence on the street, and some not so good. Passing obliquely towards the south gate we noted a most glaring outrage. Carew's "Descent from the Cross," one of the finest specimens of Christian sculpture in this or any other country, is used almost as badly as if it was a dead wall in the Dead Rabbit Bailiwick of this city. There is a railing around this work which we suppose was placed there for the protection of this most noble and imposing group of eleven life-size figures. But the beauty of the sculpture, the amount of money expended on its resuscitation, nor the solemnity of the subject illustrated by the artist, nor all put together, were it appears potent enough to protect it from insult if not from injury.

Within the railing are placed several painted tubes of rude workmanship on exhibition, and inside also is seated an employee of the *fair* Managers on whose table, within a few feet of the pedestal, are two "parlor tanks" and a placard descriptive of the aquaria at Barnum's Museum, together with a "a patent horizontal windmill." Thus has Carew's "Descent from the Cross" been respected at an "American" Fair, and these are the articles inside associated with it, together with a loathsome looking spittoon. With characteristic consistency, "The Baptism of Christ by John," from the hand of the same artist, is similarly treated. This group of the Saviour and the Baptist is likewise of life size and elevated on a pedestal about six feet from the floor. The Saviour's body is slightly bent while with clasped hands He receives, in meek submission, upon His sacred head, water from the Jordan, poured on him by the Baptist. Well, it would appear that some party has made it a study to cast slights upon these Scriptural pieces one and all; for, there are piled up to "The Baptism" several casks and bags of phosphate of lime as high as the pedestal and nearly touching the feet of the figures. Each cask and sack is labeled "keep dry." We prayed most fervently that one of those copious distillations, which the Palace occasionally delights in, would thoroughly saturate the humbug, or that some good-natured fellow would fling it into the Reservoir, with a sample or two of the parties that permitted this desecration, to take care of it. O, how the famous CAREW would chafe at the indignity thus offered to the creation of his mind and the construction of his cunning hand! How the devoted and talented CHARLES INNIS, Sculptor, of this city, the co-laborer of Carew, and who placed together these magnificent pieces of Christian Art from a pile of ruin, would feel at seeing them spat upon, in what is ludicrously called an Exhibition of *Industry and Art!* They would not be thus treated in any other civilized nation in the world. They would not be treated so at a *World's Fair* anywhere, and it only remained for an "*American Institute*" *fair* to complete what Pagans would hesitate to touch. It is amusing to see the efforts which have been made to cover or rather to slur over the great amount of space offered by the inclosure known now as the Old Palace. Two or three retail houses in this city are annually *coaxed* to supply old fashioned agricultural implements to "make a show," and, storage being *easy* in the Palace—not to mention other little *inducements*—a large quantity of this stereotyped stuff, now covers a great portion of the south section of the building; while the South Nave is made the receptacle for a Fourth Avenue passenger-car, grinning in the glare of red paint and grotesque letters, in proximate companionship with a disgustingly-looking street-sweeping machine. The opposite side, or that portion of the cruciform known as the North Nave, is occupied with dirt-carts, express wagons, grocers' wagons, perhaps night-soil machines, *et hoc genus*. And as if to divert the eye from the painful necessity of looking down on this conglomoration of trash, the Amazon is introduced amongst them to spear the tiger. Why not spear the clod-poles that placed the heroine in such ridiculous companionship? Nor is the West Nave, which was known as the *Grand Entrance* during the World's Fair, in a much better position. The burthen of the song there is a large wooden parallelogram or framework which shows off a collection of hardware, crockery-ware, gas-burners, and chandeliers. There is also a caricature of Washington in plaster, a large and filthy old heating-stove, a portion of the deformity of which is covered with parti-colored rags, while within some three feet of said stove, and fronting it, is placed—no doubt in mockery—a marble bust of the late Daniel O'Connell. The bust looks filthy, stained, and neglected; although numerous *quarters* are coaxed, no doubt, from the pockets of the compatriots of the illustrious Irishman whom the bust is supposed to represent into the greedy maw of the *Mis*-Managers. This bust, we believe, with several others, is under the care of the Rev. Thomas Preston, Secretary to Archbishop Hughes. The "*Grand Entrance*" is also honored with two large *clocking* machines, one of which is the handy-work of Reeves & Co., of this city, and is a creditable piece of mechanism; while the other resembles a sewing machine elevated on a platform some fourteen feet high, and serves two purposes; first, to shut off all view of the dome, if not of the best portion of the building, and second, to display, monkey-like, its own deformity.

Having through our windings and countermarches taken in enough of the *fillings* in the courts and naves to see the transparency of the humbug, we proceeded for some relief to the Machine Arcade. This is, or, rather *was* a portion of an addition to the main building, found necessary on account of the increase of applicants for space to exhibit in 1853. It runs north and south and occupies the space between the main building and the Croton Water Reservoir. This addition is two stories high, the upper one of which was set aside for the exhibition of paintings. Of this part of the addition which was known as the Picture Gallery we shall notice more at length in our next article. Well, then, the Machine Arcade to which we turned our attention was nearly 452 feet in length, with an extreme width of 75 feet, and *was* designed and so used for the reception of machinery in motion. But, *tempora mutantur*, some 150 feet of it are now cut off and consigned to the most varied uses that man can conceive. There never was a greater variety of articles discovered in the repository of a cook, or the retreat of a magpie. All manner of odors in the offensive sense of the term assail the olfactory nerves in this "cut off," and the garbage and rubbish strewed about bespeak the "wreck of matter" on a no smaller scale.

We were not a little startled on escaping from the danger of a threatening pile of rubbish, when we came suddenly upon a heterogeneous crowd composed of oysters and negroes; indeed the Fair seemed to be better stocked with this branch of American manufacture than any other—if we except black stoves. There is nothing at all in this department of the "*Fair*" that we have not seen a thousand times before, while there are thousands of attractive and useful articles to be seen through the city which are not represented here. A short line of shafting is put up in the main buiding to throw the articles which should be in the Arcade into the space outside, which otherwise would have remained unoccupied. The *novelty* of Hoe's six cylinder press is nonsense, for that can be seen in the pressroom of any of the leading daily newspapers. The fuss made by *disinterested* philosophers, hired hacks, and penny-a-liners, who would string together a tirade of trash and meaningless mumblings, borrowed chiefly from the inflated handbill of itinerant exhibitors, should have no weight with the public. We are sorry that the health of Dr. Drake, of Philadelphia, does not permit that gentleman to exhibit his ignition engine; he has undoubtedly discovered a great and economical motive power, and will ere long show its application to the no small benefit of the world at large.

We repeat, then, that there is nothing to justify the *hullabaloo* of placards on cars and omnibuses, and that there is no place of public amusement in New York that would not better repay the visitor than this so-called Fair. Nay, there are hundreds of factories and private stores where a stranger could be more edified and improved. Dodworth's Band, to be sure, discourses good music, and to do justice to the managers that seems to be their sheet anchor, but why introduce, as if in waggish mockery of those dulcet strains, that belching buffoonery, or organ grinding by steam, which keeps moaning "Katy Darling" all the time under the dome, while the "Genius of America" is made to hold a wreath over the head of this *Buffo* of music, as if it was meant that she should crown Humbug. But it appears that we are a people who wish to be humbugged. Well, then, if so, come and see the "Great Fair," which is, for so much noise and pother, nothing but trash to begin with and trash to end with—Humbug at both ends and Humbug in the middle. Then *vive la Humbug!*

ROD IN PICKLE.

A WORD TO AMERICAN LADIES.

We quote this sensible appeal to the women of America from the columns of one of our best cotemporaries:

"We are in the midst of a great financial pressure. Banks are breaking, merchants failing, and old-established firms 'suspending' on every side. Our fathers, brothers, and husbands come home from Wall street and Broadway with perplexed brows and doubtful faces, and eye our housekeeping and shopping bills with anything but an approving glance. Economize—save—retrench! is the watchword of the hour.

"And it is our place, as women, to set the example of reform in this matter. There is no country in the world where so much respect is accorded to woman, and where her social position is so exalted, as in the United States. In all the records of the days of red-cross knights and olden tournaments, there is no such beautiful example of chivalry as we have recently beheld in the sad shipwreck of the Central America. In a country where women is held in such an estimation as this, ought she to shrink from any sacrifice necessary to maintain the standard?

"But the reckless extravagance and empty frivolity of the modern fine lady constitute the surest mode of losing this high national position. Look at the fashionable woman of 1857! She wears a silk robe which cost a hundred dollars; her 'love of a fall hat' was cheap at fifty, and she sports a set of Honitons at seventy-five. She carries a small fortune round her wrists, dangling at her throat and gleaming on her fingers in the shape of crosses, rings, and bracelets. She buys all the foolish trinkets and extravagant trifles which happen to catch her eye in the shop windows, and caps the climax by going into hysterics when her husband hints at retrenchment? Is this the beau-ideal of woman?

"Our streets, ball-rooms, and places of public resort are crowded with these walking advertisements; general emulation seems to prevail as to which shall sport the most expensive silks and richest jewelry, and even the more sensible and prudent, who have not moral courage to declare independence, are drawn into the vortex of extravagance. Nay, our very churches have become nothing more than show-rooms for the last new bonnet and the latest moire-antique of the fashionable worshipers.

"We firmly believe that many of the failures in the mercantile world are entirely owing to the recklessness of woman, and the amount of misery, suicide, and distrrss, for which she is thus indirectly called upon to answer, is perfectly incalculable. A man will endure almost any degree of embarrassment before he will consent that his wife shall deny herself an accustomed luxury, or be exposed to the ridicule or censure of her particular clique.

"Now it is your plain and simple duty, ladies of America, to stand up by your husbands' sides, and help them to bear the heavy pressure of this great commercial crisis! It is of no use to sit in your elegant budoir, clasping your jeweled hands together, and bemoaning your incapacity to *act*. Help to institute a reform in the *dress* question, and your husband will have some substantial proof of your sympathy and affection. Lay aside your costly velvets and brocades—deny yourself that coveted winter bonnet—turn your back resolutely upon every extravagance. A true woman never looks lovelier than when arrayed in a simple calico or gingham dress, and a straw bonnet worth seventy-five cents. What if the Mrs. Potiphars of your acquaintance pass by you with averted eyes! haven't you the moral courage to value their friendship at its proper worth? We respect the woman who, in these hard times, *dare* appear in public dressed in inexpensive raiment.

"Oh, for the good old times when one 'best silk dress' was the stand-by for years! All that we need is some fair leader of the *beau monde* to take the helm and steer a ship with *calico sails!* The present time is an excellent opportunity for the experiment, and we are quite sure that the wise and sensible of the world will gladly welcome the event of a dress reform."

Some Indians from Delhi have taken up their residence in the Hotel des Italiens, at Paris. They quitted Delhi at a moment when the mutineers and the English troops were engaged in a serious battle under the walls of the city. They belong to a rich and powerful family, and whenever they appear in the streets they attract considerable attention.

An effort is being made to get up a library for the use of the prisoners at Sing Sing.

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LEGENDS AND TALES OF IRELAND.

By Mrs. J. Sadlier.

SEIZURE OF THE MONARCH'S CHARIOT HORSES AT THE TAILTEAN GAMES BY THE MONKS OF TALLAGHT, A. D. 806.

"The Tailtean games!" what a multitude of thoughts are awakened in the mind of the student of Irish history by these simple words. Carrying the mind back through the long, "long ages of bondage and slaughter" which were the lot of our ancestors in intermediate times, through the ages of penury and hardship and cruel oppression, they lead us out through a golden vista to the days of Ireland's prosperity, when her princes and nobles were great and powerful and lived in royal splendor, and her people were free, happy, and contented. Even though frequently torn by internal dissensions, the condition of Ireland was such as we have described it. If it had its storms, and clouds, and darkness, it had also its joys, and pleasures, and snatches of brightest sunshine, and of these we catch frequent glimpses, flashing out amid the records of war, and rapine, and deeds of blood which unhappily stain the pages of our history.

Standing prominently out, too, from the list of royal rulers we find monarchs distinguished for every quality that can adorn a prince, many of them evincing by their acts a wisdom and a foresight worthy of any age. In the recorded acts of some of our pagan kings we find much to admire and even to applaud. Of this number is the institution of the Tailtean games by Lugh Lamhfhada,* in the year of the world 3370. These were a series of annual sports and pastimes, where people of all ranks met together for the purpose of amusement. All were for the time on a common footing and left their factious disputes behind them when they repaired to "Tailtean of games."

"The assemblies of Tailtean," says a learned Irish antiquarian of the present day, "were held on the plains of Tailtean, now Teltown, situated along the Blackwater, between Navan and Kells, in Meath. . . . . The Tailtean games were held annually at the beginning of autumn, and were continued for fifteen days. . . . They were attended by vast numbers from all parts of Ireland, and are said to have resembled the Olympic games of Greece, in the practice of various athletic exercises, feats of strength and activity, such as running, leaping, wrestling, throwing the stone, bar, &c., football, dancing, together with horse and chariot racing; and those assemblies were also remarkable for the arrangement of matrimonial alliances, or match-making, and the ratification of marriage contracts."†

The reigning monarch always made it a point to attend the Tailtean fair, as well for his own pleasure and amusement as to gratify his subjects. In the beginning of the ninth century when Hugh, surnamed the Fist-sucker,‡ was king, a circumstance occurred at the fair of Tailtean which cannot be omitted here.

It so happened that the Hy-Niall princes of Meath had possessed themselves of a portion of the lands belonging to the monastery of Tallaght, in the county Dublin. Being unable to obtain redress from the monarch, who was himself the head of that line of princes, the monks resolved upon a bold step which sufficiently indicates the power of the Church in Ireland at that time.

The multitudes assembled at the fair of Tailtean were all engaged one way or the other, in some of the various sports going on. Some were looking at the mock fight between miniature ships on the artificial lakes which then existed on the plain of Tailtean; others were gathered around bands of soldiers going through the evolutions of a sham battle; some were trying their hand at various feats of strength, while a vast number were engaged in "hurling," then as now a favorite amusement of the peasantry in many parts of Ireland. All at once there was a great commotion amongst the multitude, and people began to run in crowds towards one particular spot. To those who got near enough to see what was going forward, a strange sight presented itself. There in the midst of a crowd of mounted attendants was the royal chariot, on which sat the Monarch Hugh with his princely consort. Some half dozen monks were in the thick of the *melee*, each holding a rein of the royal horses, which they appeared to have stopped in full career. Another of the monks, most likely the superior, was addressing to the king a remonstrance on the unjust detention of their lands of Tallaght. Trouble and anxiety were depicted on Hugh's face as he listened with downcast eyes. Suddenly rising his voice, he commanded the people to fall back for the pressure was becoming intolerable and the horses began to prance impatiently. The royal mandate passed unnoticed, so eager were the spectators to see what was to follow. The motions of the noble steeds becoming more violent every instant, the superior mildly requested that a space should be cleared, whereupon the people drew back in all directions, and the guards alone remained around the royal cortege.

"Hugh!" said the reverend father Abbot, "will you, or will you not, repair our losses?—will you oblige your kinsmen to give back our lands unlawfully seized by them?"

"I will do what I can and may," replied the king, "but I cannot answer such a demand without some consideration."

"Then, as a pledge will we hold these horses," returned the Abbot, and he directed the monks to lead them away, at the same time telling the king that he might quit the chariot if he pleased.

"It is hard to have to answer for the acts of unruly kinsmen," observed the good-humored prince, looking round with a smile, "and it is hard that the king of Ireland cannot enjoy these sports without interruption, but yet, most reverend father, I suppose I must give in. It is ill warring against the Church, and I am not the man to do it. Leave the horses as they are, and myself to boot, and I will do all you ask."

This was enough. The character of Hugh was sufficient guarantee for the faithful performance of his promise, and at a signal from the Abbot, the monks let go the reins; the horses, well pleased to be released, sprang forward at a swinging pace; the people raised a joyous shout of acclamation, and the royal train resumed its march, the king at parting saluting the monks with a wave of his hand and an inclination of his crowned head. Having given their blessing to the multitude, the little band of monks folded their hands within their loose hanging sleeves, and with calm, subdued faces turned away in the direction of their home, following for some distance the verdant margin of the bright Blackwater.

Hugh was not slow in fulfilling his promise to the monks. History tells us that he not only caused their lands to be restored to them, but made considerable gifts to their abbey on his own account.

The Tailtean games are now with the past. They were regularly continued in every succeeding reign down to that of Roderick O'Connor, the last of Ireland's kings. Like other national customs and observances which cheered the men of former ages they vanished beneath the stern rule of the stranger, and left to Ireland only the blank, dull routine of daily life and daily toil. The gay old Celtic habits of our fathers have been all along laid under a ban by the colder and more phlegmatic race to whom they became subject, and every passing age since that which witnessed the Invasion has swept away some vestige of the freedom and the joyous hilarity and the mirthful pastimes of the past.

THE DOOM OF FEIDLIM, KING OF CASHEL, A. D. 845.

The Danes had already made several incursions into Ireland, and some of the native princes had successfully obstructed their devastating course. Had all been united for the common good, the fierce progress of the northern warriors might have been effectually impeded, but unhappily then, as in after times, there was no bond of union between the princes. Ireland had the name of a monarchy, but not the reality. The princes were all more or less actuated by an insane personal ambition, and anxious to grasp each what he could of the royal territory. Neither were there at that particular time many distinguished military leaders in the country. The most famous warrior of that age in Ireland was Feidlim, King of Munster, commonly called King of Cashel, from the city wherein he kept his court. This prince, had he been under the influence of either religion or patriotism, might have infused new life into the country, and guided the helm of government with a strong and vigorous hand. He was eminently distinguished beyond all his compeers for great military talent, indomitable energy, with a restless and enterprising spirit which kept him continually in the field. Feidlim was a great captain and a valiant soldier, but as a man he was cruel, ferocious and vindictive, and as a prince grasping and covetous.

At the time when this able but unprincipled monarch ascended the throne of Munster, he found that his immediate predecessors had been gradually encroaching on the hereditary domains of the kings of Ireland, viz.: Leath Conn, or the northern half of the Island, so that the original boundaries of Leath-Mogha were considerably enlarged. This was just what Feidlim wished, and he determined to extend his own dominions to the utmost possible extent. If he could master the whole country, north and south, why, so much the better. As for the dictates of law and justice, they gave Feidlim Mac Crimthan but little trouble.

Under pretence of recovering from Connaught the disputed territory now known as the county of Clare, Feidlim declared war against the king of that province, and after many sanguinary skirmishes compelled him to give hostages for the cession of Clare into his hands. That point settled, the insatiable ambition of Feidlim led him to make an incursion into Meath, the ancient patrimony of the supreme monarchs. He accordingly entered that country at the head of his fierce legions, and marked his course by fire and blood. The Monarch, Neill Cailne, raised what force he could to resist the audacious invader, but before he could offer any effectual resistance, Feidlim had attacked the palace where his family then resided, and carried off Gormflatha, the daughter of the king, with all her train. This event wholly disconcerted the plans of Neill, whose first object necessarily was to recover his daughter at any cost from the hands of a prince so unscrupulous as Feidlim. There was not a moment to be lost, so Neill sent word to the King of Munster that he would meet him anywhere he chose to appoint along the borders, in order to make some amicable arrangement. Clonmacnoise on the Shannon was accordingly fixed on for the meeting. There, then, the two monarchs met, in the presence of the whole community of the abbey, and, after some deliberation, Neill was induced to give hostages to Feidlim, whereupon his daughter was restored to him. Thus, then, it was that Feidlim of Cashel attained almost supreme power in Ireland, at the same time that the Danes were ravaging the country in various places.

But whilst Feidlim was thus enlarging his dominions he did not forget to provide himself with gold and silver, and jewels to fill his treasury. These he procured by ransacking the gorgeous shrines of the Saints in the various abbeys all over the country, carrying off their choicest treasurers, and scattering the sacred remains to the wind. The Danes and he went hand in hand in this fell search after the treasurers of the Church, although we do not read that these two came in direct contact with each other. Thus, while the Northmen were plundering and devastating in one part of the island, desecrating and sacking the holiest places, Feidlim, of Cashel, was engaged in a similar way in another direction. It sometimes happened that the same abbeys were plundered by both, one after the other, and that several times in succession, just as soon as the munificent piety of the local princes had restored and repaired the sacred edifices to any degree of their former splendor.

Feidlim had been for years prosecuting his career of blood, and, in all human probability, it was doomed to last for many a year, when, one fine morning, he set out with his ruthless followers to pay one of his friendly visits to the Abbey of St. Ciaran. Having plundered the possessions of the monks far and wide, carrying off as usual everything of value that came within his reach, he was making straight for the Abbey-Church, when, all at once, the venerable Abbot appeared before him, armed only with his crozier or pastoral staff.*

The impious prince ordered the holy man to get out of his way, whereupon the Abbot raised his crozier and aimed a blow at Feidlim, at the same time pronouncing a solemn anathema upon him because of his sacrilegious enormities.

"Neither God nor man can bear longer with thee, O unhappy prince! and therefore do I curse thee with a heavy curse. Be your sacrilegious arm powerless from henceforward, and may this day end your career of crime!"

What with the blow of the heavy crozier and the suddenly-conceived dread of the divine judgments, Feidlim staggered and would have fallen to the ground had not some of his followers supported him in their arms. An instantaneous change had taken place in him. The scoffing smile on his face had changed for a look of anguish and of terror, and the hard, bold heart within him was suddenly subdued to Christian meekness and humility by the divine gift of sincere repentance.

The Abbot waited with a calm smile till the agonized features of the prince began to assume somewhat of composure, then he told the amazed soldiers to let him go.

"Go home now, Feidlim," said he very coolly, "and see if you rob any more churches or plunder Termon-lands. You have a heavy burthen on your back, poor man, this blessed day!"

He was turning away but Feidlim sprang after him and laid hold of his robe, beseeching him, for the tender mercy of God, to withdraw the anathema he had just pronounced.

"It cannot be," said the Abbot coldly, "your own acts have brought down the curse, and by your own acts alone can it be removed."

"And is there no way to escape the divine vengeance?" cried the agonized prince; "must I die, soul and body?"

"Not so, my son," returned the holy man, seeing that contrition had fallen like a dew from heaven on that arid soul, "only repent and turn your heart to God for the little time you have before you, and I promise you God will have mercy on your soul. Your body must suffer and die—that is the smallest penalty for your atrocious crimes, but you may save your immortal soul if you will only embrace the way of the cross and enter on a career of penance."

"It shall be done, most holy father!" said the contrite king, "from this day forward I will devote my life to God, and punish this wretched body by deeds of mortification."

Feidlim kept his word. He lived but one year after that memorable day, but that one year was as a whole life of virtue. He was afflicted with an incurable inward disease which he bore with the most heroic patience and resignation, and prepared by an uninterrupted life of solitude for the awful passage to another world.

— In our next, ST. ERC OF SLANE, DIED A.D. 513.

* "The fair of Tailtan was established by this prince in commemoration and in remembrance of his foster-mother, Tailte, the daughter of Maghmor, King of Spain, and the wife of Eochaidh, son of Ere, the last King of the Firbolgs."

† Note to *Annals of the Four Masters*, Connellan's Translation, p. 298.

‡ This prince was so named from a habit which he had while an infant of sucking his fingers.

* Many of the Abbots of Irish Monasteries were also Bishops of dioceses.

THE POOR LABORER.

We sincerely trust the following appeal may not be suffered to pass unheeded. It is incumbent on capitalists and men of wealth to endeavor, by all the means within their power, to alleviate the misery of workingmen and mechanics while passing through the terrible ordeal by which they are just threatened:

"There is one aspect of the present state of our monetary and business operations that must appeal with peculiar, we hope resistless, force to every right-minded man, to every humane and generous heart. It is the position and necessities of the poor mechanic and the day-laborer.

"Capitalists and merchants, whether rich or poor, hold in their hands the means of living. They possess property, let who will be its legal owner. And if they assign, or go into bankruptcy, no process of law can deprive them of the means of supporting themselves and their families for the time being. Though they owe a million of dollars beyond their assets, they are still above actual want—they are in no danger of freezing or starving.

"Not so with the honest, hard-working, yet poor man. He has no resources for daily bread, nor for shelter and raiment for his family, save the earnings of the day. If his employer fails, although he owes no man a dollar, he is utterly destitute.

"But he has claims on society. If the world owes any man a living, it owes it to him who produces the means of living for all others. It is the duty, therefore, of all capitalists, and all employers who are not themselves prostrated, to give all the employment possible to the laborer. It is not charity he seeks. He wants the opportunity to earn the mere necessities of life until the crisis is passed; and surely he does not ask too much. If full employment cannot be afforded, let it be judiciously divided among the necessitous, and let the laborers also be content for the time with small wages or partial employment, and practice a rigid abstinence from all unnecessary expenditures. In this way all parties will do good and get good, and no one will perish in a land of plenty for want of a morsel of bread."—*Life Illustrated.*

Over nine thousand locomotives are now running on railroads of the United States.

OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENCE.

Things in India going from bad to worse.—Havelock surrounded.— The revolutionary spirit spreading throughout the entire of India.—Risings and disarmings.— Rumored offer of Capitulation.— The Insurgents in Oude.— Uneasiness in Calcutta.—Fears of a Mahommedan rising.—Sir C. Campbell.—The people up.—The Rajah of Sealkote.—Her Majesty names a day of Humiliation and Prayer.—Cardinal Wiseman appoints the 4th.—"Atrocities made to order."—Troops for Aden.—China.—Recruits backward.—The Court.—The Stuttgardt Meeting.—The German Catholic Union.—Conversions.—Belfast.—The Moore Statue.—Youthful Missionaries.

LONDON, 2d October, 1857.

The last Indian mail has brought the worst news which has been received as yet, and a terrible gloom seems to hang over British prospects in India. General Havelock, whose successes were so loudly trumpeted forth has seen the end of his triumphs, and is now surrounded and in a most critical position, while ill-fated Lucknow is left to the mercy of the insurgents; the garrison can no longer hope for relief. The revolutionary spirit was spreading through the presidencies of Madras and Bombay, and disarming was going on wherever it was practicable. The men of Madras recognized those of Bengal as "brothers," the revolt could no longer by any means be represented as merely military, and the whole country from one end to the other was disaffected. Delhi still held out, but reinforcements were received, and a rumor —for it can be nothing else—was in circulation that the King of Delhi had offered to capitulate on the condition of having thirty-six lacs of rupees annually instead of fifteen, insured to him and his descendants. The proposal, says the rumor, was peremptorily refused. The insurgents were concentrating the majority of their force in Oude. The inhabitants of the province, the Cawnpore insurgents, and the forces of the ex-King were said to be united under Nena Saheb. The 33d regiment from the Mauritius, and some artillery from Bushire, were to remain in Bombay until the celebration of the Mohurrum or Mussulman New Year should have terminated. Much apprehension was felt at the approach of this festival, and the English in Calcutta, had set apart a day of humiliation and prayer in view of the present and future disasters. The entire province of Bengal seems to be in favor of excitement, and the rising at Dinapore had been followed by others in various parts of the Presidency. The European inhabitants of several stations were flying to Calcutta, and the city was thronged with trembling fugitives from all parts of Bengal. A general rising of the Mahommedans was looked upon as inevitable at Calcutta, and preparations were being made to suppress it. It was currently reported in Calcutta that the Government intended issuing orders for the compulsory enrolment of all the Christian inhabitants as a militia force. Sir Colin Campbell had arrived at Calcutta. Statements were current that the country people were beginning to rise, and were pursuing and murdering the English. Trade was at a stand-still, and coin was growing wonderfully scarce. The Rajah of Sealkote has unfurled the banner of revolt at the head of 20,000 men in the South Mahratta country.

The 7th of the present month has been appointed by royal proclamation as a day of solemn fast, humiliation, and prayer, throughout Great Britain and Ireland. Her Majesty announces to her loyal subjects in those countries that she has given directions to the bishops, archbishops, &c., to compose a form of prayer. The *Times* will now, no doubt, treat its readers to a glorious panegyric of Cardinal Wiseman, for his Eminence has written a pastoral letter, which was read in all the churches last Friday, also setting apart next Sunday as a day of humiliation and prayer for the Indian troubles.

We have had an excellent specimen of the manner in which certain government exiles get up "Sepoy atrocities" to order. We were informed some days ago that a Mrs. Farquharson had been foully abused by the Sepoys, and then "placed between two boards and sawed to death." A letter has been published from the lady's brother-in-law stating that Mrs. F. died in 1856, and, consequently, was not "sawed" to death by the Sepoys. Mr. Farquharson is not very patriotic or he would not have exposed the "atrocity" at the present moment. He might have let it pass.

Two companies of the 57th regiment are to be sent by the way of Egypt to Aden. They are to be dressed as civilians and their arms and accoutrements will be packed as luggage. In China nothing was expected to be done before the return of Lord Elgin from India, and all hope of a speedy arrangement of the Chinese question was lost. The Canton river had been blockaded, a measure which was brought about, it is said, by the visit of the American trading ship *Antelope* to Whampoa.

Notwithstanding the fierce roar of the Press, and the never-ending cry of blood which rings in his ears, spite the flaming placards that make fiery appeals to his patriotism, young John Bull shows no desire to be decked out with ribbons by the recruiting sergeant and led to the slaughter. Recruits cannot be found, nor can I blame my worthy friend John Bull Jr. It is no wonder that he should be tired of paying the piper for the Hon. Tom So-and-so and the Hon. Jack Such-a-one who have led such a dance in India.

The Court is still at Balmoral and her Majesty is not expected back before the 14th. The Prince Consort is enjoying the delights of field sports. Lord Palmerston himself goes out partridge-shooting at Broadlands as if India were as quiet and submissive as could be desired. There is nothing like philosophy.

The meeting between the Emperors of France and Russia took place at Stuttgardt on the evening of the 25th, in the King of Wirtemberg's palace. On Sunday Napoleon III. heard Mass in the Catholic Church, where an immense assembly was congregated. After the grand dinner at the palace the Emperors went to the opera to see the "Bohemian Girl" of our talented countryman, Balfe. The French Emperor left Stuttgardt on Tuesday, and arrived at the Camp of Chalons on Wednesday. The results of the interview are as yet a mystery.

The first general assembly of the German Roman Catholic Union was opened on the 21st at Salzburg in the presence of Prince Maximilian, Archbishop of Salzburg and Primate of Germany, and a great number of German ecclesiastics.

It has been announced by one of the daily papers that a most important secession was about to take place to the Church from Protestanism. Ten clergymen are spoken of as among the number of the Converts. The newspaper which published the announcement promises further information on the subject in a few days.

The Commissioners on the Belfast Inquiry, on Wednesday last, expressed their unwillingness to sit one day longer. The evidence during the few days previous brought out nothing new. It was the old story of Orange oppression, of partisan and inefficient police. The Commission certainly does not want for evidence, thrice corroborated, but as I said in one of my former letters I do not expect much justice to result from their inquisition. Several of the Great Guns of Orangeism have been examined, among others Lord Enniskillen, the Grand Master of the amiable and patriotic society throughout the United Kingdom. His Lordship's evidence is unimportant.

The Belfast presbytery met on Friday to take into consideration the case of that reverend Fillibuster, Mr. Hugh Hanna. The assembled divines resolved that their brother be affectionately entreated to desist from open-air preaching for the present and most earnestly remonstrated with as to the language he has made use of in his letters to the Lord Lieutenant and the local magistracy. Will the "brother" hearken to this fraternal advice?

In the meantime the worthy Mateer does not spare his lungs in the propagation of the "word." He preached no less than five times on Sunday last, but notwithstanding this excessive zeal, did not succeed in raising a disturbance.

The Statue of Ireland's poet was placed on its pedestal on Saturday week, and the inauguration will soon take place. The Lord Lieutenant intends being present on the occasion.

Several respectable youths left Kilkenny for France in the latter end of the past month for the purpose of completing their studies in that country before proceeding to the diocese of Port Louis in the Mauritius.

W.

The Ministers of the different Protestant denominations in this city have busied themselves during the past three Sundays descanting the present financial crisis, and how it was to be met. If we except one or two instances, not a word was spoken, or a hint given as to the responsibility of providing for the poor. It would be well that these reverend lecturers would henceforward substitute charity for political economy as the basis of their discourses.

OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

Political Dullness.—The Interview at Stuttgardt.—The Camp.—The Bishop of Chalons.—The SIECLE *again.—The* GAZETTE DE FRANCE *and the* JOURNAL DES DEBATS *at war on the Hindoo War.—The* GAZETTE *looks upon India as lost for England.—Its opinions.—List of officers lost in India.—Letter of Bordeaux Merchants.—Cardinal Morlot.—The Pope's gifts.—M. Alphonse-Marie Ratisbonne.*

PARIS, September 28th 1857.

There is little of interest doing in the political world at the present moment, and the only startling topic is the result of the interview between the descendant of the Romanoffs and the Nephew of the great Corsican, at Stuttgardt. Rumors, surmises and suppositions rise thick and fast, as to the consequences of the Imperial confabulations. The English journals look upon the affair as entirely unimportant, and say that the time is past when two crowned heads could dispose of Europe. The English seemed to forget that not very long ago one crowned head—two certainly ought to be better than one, and that one not crowned by divine right,—remodelled a considerable portion of the continent. As to the result of putting the two imperial heads together, it is as yet involved in mystery notwithstanding the fact that several very well informed scribes pretend to know all about it. For my part I do not pretend to be "hand and glove" with either of the illustrious personages at Stuttgart and consequently know but little of their intentions. I know, however, that Napoleon III. has been received with the greatest enthusiasm by the people all along his line of route. On his arrival at Stuttgardt his Imperial Majesty was received by the King, the Prince Royal, and the other princes. A few minutes after the arrival at the Palace the Emperor of Russia paid him a visit, and all these distinguished persons took "pot-luck" of a family dinner at the Palace. The evening was spent at the Prince Royal's villa, which was brilliantly illuminated. On the morning of the 26th, the Emperor Napoleon returned the visit of his Russian Cousin, and of the Prince and Princess Royal.

During the absence of the Emperor, the Ministerial Council will be presided over by Prince Jerome. The Duke of Cambridge left the Camp at 3 o'clock in the afternoon of the 23rd, and was accompanied by the Emperor as far as the Mourmelon railroad. Manœuvres of all sorts have been gone through by the soldiers at the camp, but I spare you the description of them for several reasons, the most important of which are that you most probably take very little interest in those movements, and my military knowledge is so restricted that it is as much as I can do to comprehend the joke of one of Moliere's characters, who, when asked if he remembered taking a half moon, indignantly replied that it was a moon whole and entire. On the 20th a Military Mass was celebrated with the usual pomp, the troops under arms, the artillery in harness. The Duke of Cambridge, Lord Cardigan, and other foreign officers assisted. The Emperor's Almoner, Monsigneur Menjaud, officiated. The Bishop of Chalons, Monseigneur Prillaud, was brought to the ground in a chair, as the venerated ecclesiastic is deprived of the use of his limbs. The Emperor went to him, shook hands warmly with him, and placed upon his breast the medal of Saint Helena.

In an article entitled *La Propagande*, the Protestant and Republican *Siecle* requests the Minister of Public Instruction and Worship to take away certain obstacles to the establishment of a school at Neuville, which it desires to see under the control of a Protestant uniting the functions of minister and teacher. The writer of the article is not to be blamed for endeavoring to improve the condition of his coreligionists but he is severely to be censured for making his reformatory schemes an excuse for attacking and calumniating the Catholic religion and its ministers. But what strikes me with wonder is the statement that the Protestants set our clergy the example of all the virtues of the true missionary, that our priests on the contrary speak but words full of threats of divine vengeance, and "impose themselves or their preaching at the risk of troubling public order and sowing division among families." It is a bad sign of missionary talent to have for one's only weapon abuse of other religions. Has the writer in the *Siecle* forgotten Mr. Hanna and the Belfast street preaching, on which several articles, as true and just as the present, appeared in the columns of that singularly unprejudiced organ of the Democratico-Republican-Orleanist-Monarchical fusion party?

The Indian insurrection continues to be a topic of universal discussion among the newspaper Press here. A pretty vigorous polemic is going on at present on this subject between the Orleanist *Debats* and the legitimist *Gazette de France*. The *Journal des Debats* accuses the *Gazette* of desiring to see Russia take the place of England in the Government of India. The *Gazette* repels the accusation, and while protesting against the "perfidy" of the *Debats* in falsifying the sense of its words says, that in view of the terrible disasters suffered by England in India and with the certainty that "*that power has lost without recall her colonies*," expresses the desire of seeing France raise her banners over that part of Asia, and invite all the nations of the globe to participate in the trade, unjustly monopolized in the debilitated and crime-stained hands of the East India Company. The *Gazette* no more desires a territorial acquisition for France than for any other country; it understands that Indians may be Indians, that they may govern themselves and direct their administration according to the national law, but they would learn from France the blessings of Christianity, and were our relations once well established, the force of example would gradually bring them into the great family of civilized nations.

The *Courier de Paris* publishes the list of English losses among the epauletted portion of the army in India. The list counts eight generals, brigadier and major, three colonels, ten lieutenant-colonels, twelve majors, forty-two captains, seventy-nine lieutenants, ensigns and cornets, fourteen surgeons, and three veterinary surgeons. Several chaplains have also fallen victims to the vengeance of the Hindoos.

Seventeen merchants of Bordeaux have addressed a letter to the Chamber of Commerce of that city, relating to the position of the French settlements in Hindostan. According to the treaties of 1815, the French in Chandernagor, Pondicherry, Karikal and Mahe, the remains of French dominion in Hindostan, and which places were put under the immediate protection of England, are forbidden to build any fortifications or to have recourse to the Home government for troops to defend the French territories and their interests. As the Anglo-Indian government is not in a position to defend its own possessions much less to protect those of any other power the seventeen merchants of Bordeaux request the Chamber of Commerce to apply to the Imperial government to take into serious consideration and adopt without delay such measures as in its wisdom it may think necessary for the defence of our Indian possessions.

His Eminence, Monsigneur Morlot, Archbishop of Paris, who, as I have already informed you, was travelling in Switzerland, is expected at Lyons in a few days, whence he will set out for this city.

His Holiness the Pope, desiring to give a mark of his satisfaction for the reception given him during his voyage in Tuscany, has condescended to present to several churches the following consecrated gifts:

To the Metropolitan Church of Florence, a magnificent chalice of gilt silver, with patine of gold, enamelled.

To the Cathedral of Fiesole, a silver chalice.

To the Cathedral of Pisa, a splendid chalice of gilt silver.

To the Cathedral of Lucca, a rich gold and silver embroidered chasuble and the same to the Cathedral of Sienna.

To the Cathedral of Volterra, a chalice of gilt silver.

To the Cathedral of Montepulciano, a chalice of gilt silver, with the patine of gold.

His Holiness has also bestowed on the Internuncio at the imperial and royal court of Tuscany, to be given in alms, 800 crowns; to the Church of Santa Avee, of Florence, 500 crowns for the completion of its fagade; to the college of Walterra, 600 crowns and to the monastery of Saint Catherine di Prato 300 crowns. Pius IX has likewise given to the Princess Adelaide Conti, to the Countess Julia Giucciardini and to the Marchioness Isabella Gerini three magnificent cameos of the most artistic workmanship and set in precious stones.

M. Alphonse Ratisbonne who now bears the name of Marie, in remembrance of his famous conversion, and who has become the director of the confraternity of Sion, left Marseilles some days since for Constantinople where the sisters of Sion have the direction of an educational establishment for orphans of various creeds.

CITY NEWS.

THE FIRST "SHINPLASTER."—After an absence of nearly twenty years the first shinplaster made its appearance on Wednesday, the 14th instant. We stand indebted to John H. Babcock, of 595 Broadway, for this interesting relic of former times. A cotemporary thus describes it: "This pretty piece of paper is about the width but a little shorter than a Wall-street shinplaster—surrounded with a neat border—a medallion head of Franklin on one end—the figures 25 in the upper and lower corner of the other, with a very beautiful boat dashing through the waves of the 'raging canal,' for a vignette. The filling up is as follows:

595 Broadway.
I promise to pay the bearer, for value received, twenty-five cents. JOHN H. BABCOCK."

THE CATTLE MARKET.—There were plenty of cattle offered for sale last week—some three thousand head, mostly in good condition. Owing to the suspension of the banks, however, there was but little money left to pay for them. Not more than half those offered were disposed of, and even those went off at a low figure. Over five hundred cattle were driven to pasture, waiting for better prices. Of those sold, the best went off at 10 cents per lb., while many good bullocks were parted with at 8 and 9 cents a lb., and in one case a lot of steers in fair condition changed owners at $40 each, or about 7 1-2 cents per lb. Taken as a whole, the last has been the dullest market day witnessed in 44th street for many years.

"THE POOR INDIAN."—A meeting was advertised last week in the papers, to come off at Clinton Hall, for the purpose of organizing an Association for civilizing the Indians. When the hour of meeting arrived, however, none of those advertised to be present were in attendance. We cannot say the Indians suffer much by this circumstance, as the measures intended to be applied for their benefit were wholly incapable of effecting the desired object. A Mr. Beeson endeavored to amuse an audience of forty-five by recapitulating his experience among the tribes in Oregon.

HOUSE RENT.—It is absolutely necessary that landlords reduce the rents of tenement houses without delay. In a city, where half the laboring and mechanical population are without employment, it is an absurdity to suppose that the exorbitant rents of former years can be persisted in. A paragraph in our news columns conveys the gratifying intelligence that an extensive house proprietor in Chicago has yielded to the pressure of the times in that city by giving his tenants a reduction of twenty per cent. This is a praiseworthy proceeding, and one well worthy of imitation.

THE THEATRES.—A visible diminution has taken place in the number of those visiting places of amusement in this city. To such an extent has this falling off proceeded, that several managers have been forced to reduce their prices of admission, as well as the salaries of the actors. The upper tiers, usually resorted to by the poorer classes, are the first to empty, while the dress-circles and parquets are but half-filled. At Burton's the histrionic powers of Charlotte Cushman is found but barely sufficient to draw what may be termed middling houses.

CHEAP BREAD.—Notwithstanding the great falling off in the price of flour the bakers have not as yet discovered the art of increasing the size of the loaf. This stringency on their part calls for immediate amendment. We find it stated that Mr. John Hecker, the well known baker, has come to the conclusion of disposing in future of his bread by weight. Despite the value of money, we may remark that both potatoes and butter are retailed at exceedingly high prices.

SHAMEFUL.—Proprietors of Exchange Offices are availing themselves of the crisis, and doing a large, or, more properly speaking, a swindling business. These worthies charge 5 per cent. exchange for New York city bills, 10 per cent. for New York State bills, and 20 per cent. for all others. This is a monstrous extortion, and near akin to robbery.

CITY MORTALITY.—There were 410 deaths in this city last week, being a decrease of 48 as compared with that of the week previous. Of this number 303 were natives of the United States, 72 of Ireland, 19 of Germany, 8 of England, and the remainder of other European nationalities.

NEW ARRIVALS.—Twenty thousand immigrants arrived here during the month of September. The greater portion were Germans bound to the far west.

SLOW WORK.—The Naturalization Committee now in session for nearly a fortnight, have succeeded in enrolling but a very few number of persons as citizens of the United States. Compared with the numbers enrolled during the same period in former years the falling off is amazing indeed. This is no doubt owing to the stringency of the times, which appears to have diverted people's attention almost wholly from politics.

One hundred and sixty-seven failures are reported here during the past week. Many of our largest silk and dry goods wholesale houses have abandoned that system of business, and have embarked in the retail trade, as involving less danger of pecuniary embarrassment. The following are among the number: Bowen, McNamee & Co., Nos. 320 and 322 Broadway; Thomson, Bullen & Valentine, silk mercers, 311 Broadway; Lambert & Co., 335 Broadway; Young & Hoagland, 314 Broadway; and A. T. Stewart & Co., corner of Broadway and Chambers streets.

George W. Matsell, late Chief of Police, and his clerk, Wm. Mackellar, have become editors and proprietors of *The National Police Gazette*. Both it must be admitted have had sufficient experience in their respective capacities to become thoroughly acquainted with the tricks and sharp practices of thieves in this country and elsewhere. This knowledge will no doubt be of considerable utility to them in their present undertaking.

The *Arabia* which left this port on Wednesday, the 14th inst., carried out the news of a general suspension of the N. Y. banks. This will be sad intelligence at the other side, and calculated to work nearly as much mischief as here. What with the news of military reverses in India, and of bank suspensions in New York, it must be admitted that the affairs of that grasping gentleman Mr. *John Bull* are in rather a sorry predicament.

The city was enveloped in a dense fog for several days last week, which rendered navigation in the North and East Rivers exceedingly dangerous. In addition to the accident which befell the *Empire State* of the Fall River line several minor casualties are reported, but we are happy to say unaccompanied with loss of life in any instance. Rain set in on Thursday afternoon which had the effect of clearing the atmosphere.

A daring attempt at burglary was made by two little boys during Sunday week last on a store in Chambers street. The largest of the boys was under fourteen years old. Owing to an accident, however, they were both captured. This case exhibits a fearful instance of youthful depravity.

A most unprovoked and deliberate murder was committed in the 11th Avenue on Saturday night last, the victim being a Scotchman named Swenson. The perpetrators who are represented as three young men fled, and have as yet escaped detection.

The body of Jas. O'Mahoney, of No. 71 Catherine st., was found in the water at the foot of Market st. by some boys, who were looking for old iron. The friends of deceased are of opinion that he was attacked by highwaymen, as his watch and chain were missing.

A young woman residing in Brooklyn attempted suicide last week; she was a seamstress, and, on ascertaining that the firm for which she worked could give no more employment, she went home and attempted the fatal deed.

The Democratic Mayoralty Committee at Tammany Hall have re-nominated Mayor Wood for the office of Mayor of the City of New York. He received 95 out of 108 votes cast on the first ballot.

Several first-class hotel keepers intend bringing down their prices. The proprietor of the Everett House has already reduced the price of board in his establishment from $2 50 to $2 per day.

The suspension of the New York and Brooklyn banks caused but little excitement. People had made up their minds previous that such a result was inevitable; consequently, when the crash came, no uneasiness was felt.

The different Court-rooms are daily thronged by crowds of persons out of employment, who come there to while away the time in listening to the trials.

A wing of the Exeter Hall Missionary Society held a meeting in this city on Saturday night last. They are sorely discomposed at the success of the Sepoy revolution.

CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

Domestic.

DIOCESE OF PITTSBURG.—The Rt. Rev. Dr. Byrne, the Coadjutor appointed to assist our Bishop, attended in the Cathedral on Sunday, the 11th inst. After the Communion, Bishop O'Connor ascended the pulpit. He first alluded to the appointment of a Coadjutor, of which the congregation was already aware. He stated why this measure was deemed necessary. He had taken advice especially from the Venerable Archbishop of Baltimore, and at each stage of the proceedings he had been guided by his counsel. His health, though much improved, was far from being sufficiently well established to enable him to resume the full exercise of his functions. Eminent physicians, whom he had consulted at both sides of the Atlantic, united in promising him eventual recovery, but they insisted on entire abandonment of business for a considerable time, as an essential condition of the same. The result of a slight attention to business, since his return, justified the opinion of the physicians alluded to. Were he to consult his own feelings, he would not again go far from home, but having it in his power, without much exertion, to render important services to religion in this Diocese, he resolved to return to Europe, accompanied by one or two Priests. He recommended himself and them to the prayers of the people. We understand that it is the Bishop's intention to leave home as soon as possible, to avoid being overtaken by the winter gales in re-crossing the Atlantic.—*Pittsburg Catholic.*

CONSECRATION.—The consecration of the Rt. Rev. John B. Byrne, Bishop elect of Retino, and Coadjutor of the Bishop of Pittsburg, is fixed for Sunday, 25th inst., in the Cathedral of St. Paul, Pittsburg. The Most Rev. Archbishop of Baltimore is to be the Consecrator. The Rev. Leonard Obermyer is to preach on the occasion.—*Catholic Mirror.*

CONFIRMATION.—Confirmation was administered in St. Peter's Church, Queenstown, on Friday, 9th inst., to 10 persons, by the Most Rev. Archbishop. On Saturday, 10th inst., 24 persons were confirmed at St. Joseph's Church, Wye Mills. On Sunday, 11th inst., 12 persons were confirmed at St. Elizabeth's Church, Denton.—*Ibid.*

There were forty-eight persons, chiefly adults, confirmed on last Sunday in the Church of the Holy Angels, Springfield. A collection for the Seminary was taken up on the same occasion, which amounted to $126 80. To forward a praiseworthy effort for the establishment of a parochial school, we were informed that a German Catholic subscribed one hundred dollars. The example is worth imitating, at least to the extent of a dollar every one or two months, by the parents of children attending our parish schools and who do not now pay anything.—*Cincinnati Catholic Telegraph.*

NEW YORK MARKETS.

CANDLES—Sales by auction, 610 boxes Adamantine at 16@18c., cash, ℔ lb.

CIGARS—Sales by auction: 285,000 Havana, at $16@$37, cash, ℔ M.

COFFEE—Rio is saleable and steady. No change in other kinds. Java, 16½@17c.; Jamaica, 12½@13c.; Maracaibo, 12¼@13¼c.; Rio, 10½@12c.; St. Domingo, 10@10½c., cash; Bahia, 10½c.; and Native Ceylon, 13c. ℔ lb

COTTON continues scarce and quiet. Prices are entirely nominal.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—State and Western Flour opened again briskly and buoyantly, at improved prices. Subsequently, the advance had the effect of checking the inquiry. Sales 10,500 bbls.

Superfine State	$4 80@4 90
Extra State	5 00@5 20
Superfine Indiana and Michigan	4 75@4 90
Superfine Ohio	4 80@4 95
Fancy Ohio	5 00@5 10
Extra Indiana and Michigan	4 95@5 00
Extra Ohio	5 25@5 75
Fancy Genesee	5 15@5 25
Extra Genesee	5 60@7 75
Low to very choice Extra Missouri	5 65@8 50

Canadian is in fair demand at higher rates; sales 650 bbls. good superfine to extra, at $5 25@$6 75 ℔ bbl. Southern Flour is unaltered. Sales, 1,100 bbls. good mixed to choice extra at $5 50@$7 50 ℔ bbl. Rye Flour is quiet and languid at $3 80@$4 75 ℔ bbl. Corn Meal is dull and nominal at $3 25@$3 30 for Jersey, and $3 75@$4 for Brandywine, ℔ bbl. Buckwheat Flour is worth $2 ℔ 100 lbs. The Columbia (Penn.) *Democrat* says there is a very large crop of Buckwheat in the country this year, and, what is better, that it is a full yield, and will be in great abundance.

GRAIN—Wheat is in light supply and fair request at advanced rates. Sales 48,000 bushels, including fair to good white Canadian, at $1 25@$1 30; red do. at $1 15@$1 18; ordinary white Western at $1 19; fair red do. $1 17; good ordinary to choice white Southern at $1 25@$1 40.

HAY—A limited supply at market of prime quality; the demand is fair; sales of 1,700 bales at 58@70c.

IRON—The market for all kinds continues quite languid; we only learn of sales of 50 tons Scotch Pig at $29, 6 months.

NAVAL STORES—A better feeling seems to pervade the market generally, but the advance in freights restrict business materially. In Spirits Turpentine we notice sales of 360 bbls in lots, in shipping order, at 37@38c. cash and short time, chiefly the inside rate. Crude is more inquired for, although we do not learn of any transactions; $5@$3 25 ℔ 280 lb. is about its real value, but some parties ask more. Common Rosin is held at $1 60 ℔ 310 lb. delivered, without sales, however. Fine qualities are less inquired for, but prices are nominally the same. Tar is quiet at $2@2 25 for selected.

PROVISIONS—The demand for Pork is steady, the arrivals small, and the stock light; sales of 200 bbls. at $22 50 for Mess, and small lots at $23. $17 50@$17 75 for Prime; $22 25@$23 50 for Clear; $21 50@$22 for thin Mess, and $19@19 25 for sour do. Beef is in retail demand and is heavy; the receipts of new are fair, but no sales of this have been made public; sales of 60 bbls. at $13 50@$14 50 for repacked Western Mess, and $15@$16 for extra do. Prime Mess is dull and nominal. Beef Hams are quiet; small sales of Ohio at $16 ℔ 210 lb. Bacon is rather easier; small sales of Western smoked at 12@13½c. Cut Meats are scarce and prices nominal at 10c. for Shoulders and 11c. for Hams. Lard is without important change, the supply of choice is limited, and the inquiry fair for the West Indies; the sales are 170 bbls. and tcs. in lots at 14@15c. Butter is in limited demand at 12@17c. for Ohio, and 16@20c. for State. Cheese is in limited request and plenty at 6@8½c.

SUGARS—A more active demand has prevailed, and the tone has evidently improved; prices are now about the same as the currency a few days prior to the bank suspensions in this city, being above the rates of those describing sales made during the heavy money pressure. The sales include 100 hhds. Porto Rico at 7¾@8c.; 987 hhds. Cuba Muscavado at 6@7½c., including 375 hhds. at 6¼@6¾c., cash, and 700 hhds. Melada on private terms.

FAMILY MARKETING—Potatoes—Junes, ℔ bbl., $1 87@$2 12; Mercer, $2 50@$3; Dykeman, $2 25@$2 50; Peach Blow, $2 25@$2 50; Whites, $1 75@$2. Onions—Red, ℔ bbl., $1 50@$1 75; White, $1 75@$2; Yellow, $1 50@$1 62. Apples—Common, ℔ bbl., $1 50; Table, $2 50@$3; Fall Pippins, $2 50@$3; Greenings, $2@$2 50. Pears—Cooking, ℔ bbl., $1 50@$3; Virgalieu, $10@$12; Rushmore, $3 50@$4. Peaches—Jersey, ℔ basket, $1 50@$2. Butter—Orange County, pails, ℔ lb., 20@23c.; State, 15@18c.; Ohio and other Western States, 12@14c. Lard—In bbls., 14@16c.; Kegs, 16@16½c. Cheese, ℔ lb., 5@8c. Eggs—Fresh, State, ℔ doz., 16@16½c. Fowls, ℔ pair, 88c.@$1. Chickens—Roast, ℔ pair, 63c@$1; Broilers, 50@63c. Ducks, ℔ pair, 75c@$1 25. Turkeys, ℔ lb., 14@16c. Geese, each, $1@$1 50.

BOOKS RELATING TO IRELAND.

JUST Received from Dublin the following valuable Works:

Annals of the Four Masters. Edited by J. O'Donovan, LL. D. 7 vols. Royal 4to.,	$60 00
Petrie's Round Towers and Ecclesiastical Architecture of Ireland anterior to the Anglo-Norman Invasion,	7 00
Doyle's Handbook of the Antiquities and Scenery in a Tour in Ulster,	2 50
Personal Recollections of the Life of Lord Cloncurry,	1 25
The Boyne and the Blackwater, beautifully illustrated. By R. Wilde,	1 50
Handbook of Irish Antiquities, Pagan and Christian. By William Wakeman,	1 50
Fraser's Handbook for Ireland, with maps and engravings,	3 50
Apologia pro Hibernia adversus Cambria, Cumulus Sancteri Stephano. Vito. Half morocco,	2 00
O'Connell's Memoirs of Ireland, Native and Saxon,	0 88
Sheil's Sketches of the Irish Bar. 2 vols.,	2 00
Barrington's Personal Sketches,	1 25
Napoleon in Exile; or, Voice from St. Helena. By Barry O'Meara, Esq. 2 vols.,	2 00
Moore's Life of Sheridan. 2 vols.,	2 00
Torlogh O'Brien; a Tale of the War of King James. Cloth, illustrated.	1 50
The Last Earl of Desmond. 2 vols.,	2 00

THE ORATORS OF IRELAND.

O'Connell's Speeches. 2 vols.,	2 50
Burke's "	1 25
Curran's "	1 25
Grattan's "	1 25
Shiel's "	1 25
Plunket's "	1 25
The Lives of Illustrious and Distinguished Irishmen, illustrated. 6 vols.,	10 00
Duffy's Fireside Magazine. 2 vols.,	4 50
Last Days of O'Connell.,	1 25
Carleton's Tales and Stories. New Series. Dublin Edition, 1 vol.,	2 00
Do. London Edition, 2 vols.,	2 50
The Life of the Rt. Hon. Edmund Burke. By James Burke, Esq. With plates. 1 vol.,	1 00
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The Life of Robert Emmet. By Dr. Madden,	1 00
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Military History of the Irish Nation, comprising a Memoir of the Irish Brigade in the Service of France. By Matthew O'Connor, Esq.,	1 50
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McCarthy's Irish Ballads,	0 38
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THE undersigned begs leave to inform all the Book sellers, Catholic Hierarchy, Colleges, Seminaries, that he has removed his Store from 300 Broadway to 78 DUANE STREET, 5 doors East of Broadway, where he will constantly have on hand the largest assortment in the United States of the following articles, viz.:

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POST OFFICE NOTICE.

NOTICE.—The Mails for Europe, via Southampton and Havre, per U. S. Steamer ATLANTIC, will close at this office on SATURDAY, the 24th day of October, at 10½ o'clock, A. M.

ISAAC V. FOWLER, Postmaster.

NOTICE.—EASTERN MAILS.—On and after Monday, Oct. 19, the Eastern mails will close as follows: By New Haven Railroad, at 2 o'clock, P. M.; by steamboat, at 3 o'clock P. M.

ISAAC V. FOWLER, Postmaster.

EDUCATION.

ACADEMY OF THE HOLY INFANCY,

MANHATTANVILLE, NEW YORK.

Under the Direction of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

PROSPECTUS.

SITUATED 8 miles distant from the City of New York, in an elevated position on the east bank of the Hudson River, the Academy commands a most delightful view of the magnificent scenery for which that noble stream is so justly celebrated; whilst, at the same time, the location is one of the most healthy in the Union. The large and commodious edifice occupied by the Institution, having lately undergone some important improvements and additions to the original structure, cannot fail to ensure the comfort and convenience of the Pupils.

The age for admission into this Institution is from 6 to 12 years. Children under 6, or over 12, are not admitted.

Terms:

Entrance Fee.....$ 10 00
Pension, Washing and Mending of Linen, use of Books, Stationery and Library, per annum..180 00
Mending of Clothes and Shoes, Postage of Letters, &c., form extra expenses, chargeable to the parents. Payments to be made half-yearly in advance.

Tuition.

The Course of Instruction embraces the following branches, viz.: Christian Doctrine, Reading, Writing, English Grammar, Arithmetic, Geography, History, Book-Keeping, Geometry, Algebra, Composition, Elocution, Natural Philosophy, Mythology, French, Vocal Music and Drawing.

The following are extra, viz.: Instrumental Music $60 per annum. Spanish and German Languages, each $24.

Observations.

The Scholastic year is 11 months, commencing on the 1st of September, and terminating on the 1st of August. No Pupils kept in the Institution during the annual vacation, which is from the end of July till the 1st of September.

The Pupils will have holidays to go and visit their parents and guardians, at the following times: Christmas, Easter and the 4th of July, 4 days each.

Parents can visit their children on Thursdays, from 10 to 12 o'clock, A.M., and on Sundays, between the High Mass and Vespers.

In case of serious sickness, Pupils will be confided to the care of their parents or guardians.

Outfit.

Each Pupil is required to have the following articles, viz.: 1 suit of Uniform, which is a Blue Cloth Jacket, with bright buttons, black pants and blue cap; 2 suits of Clothes for every day wear; 3 Surtouts of light stuff as linen or muslin; 8 Shirts, 8 pairs of Socks or Stockings, 3 pairs of Drawers, 3 Night Shirts, 6 Napkins of large size, 8 Towels, 3 Handkerchiefs, 3 Cravats, 2 Caps, 3 pairs of Sheets, 2 Blankets, 1 Quilt, 2 white Coverlits and 2 pairs of Boots and Shoes. A Knife, Fork, Spoon, and Goblet of silver or composition; 2 Combs, coarse and fine, a Comb-rack, Hair Brush, Tooth Brush, Clothes Brush and Shoe Brush; a small Tin box for the Toilet articles.

Communications by Letter to be made to the Brother Superior. ag8 1y

St. Patrick's Young Ladies' Academy,

CONDUCTED BY THE

SISTERS OF NOTRE DAME,

LOWELL.

Terms:

For Board and Tuition, per Session of 46 Weeks, one Quarter payable in advance.....$100 00
Washing..... 12 00
For Half-Boarders, who dine at the Academy, per Session, as above..... 50 00
Piano and Vocal Music, per Quarter..... 12 00
Guitar " " 12 00
Painting and Drawing..... 6 00
No extra charge for French.

THE system of instruction, commencing with the elements of an English and French education, will embrace Orthography, Reading, Grammar, Writing in various styles, Composition, Arithmetic, Algebra, Book-Keeping by single and double entry; History, Sacred and Profane, Ancient and Modern; Chronology, Geography, the use of the Globes and projection of Maps, Astronomy, Mythology, Botany, Natural Philosophy and Chemistry.

French being generally spoken by the Ladies, the course of instruction in that tongue will be thorough and entire, affording in familiar conversation, as well as recitation (during which special attention will be devoted to purity of accent and idiom), ample facilities for a perfect acquisition of the language.

Plain Sewing, Embroidery on Lace and Muslin, Bead, Chenille, Shell, Pearl and Wax Work, Tapestry, &c.

Drawing in Crayon, Indian Ink and Black Lead; Painting in Oriental Style, in water colors; Music, vocal and instrumental, Piano and Guitar. In short, all the branches usually taught in the best schools, shall be objects of attention and study in this Institute.

Pupils who board at the Academy should be provided with two pairs of Sheets, Pillow Cases, Towels, Table Napkins, Knife, Silver Fork, Spoon, a Silver or Britannia Goblet, Combs and Brushes. ag6 3m

MOUNT ST. MARY'S COLLEGE.

THIS Institution, situated on a healthy and beautiful eminence, about two miles from Cincinnati, is conducted by the secular clergy who have charge of the Cincinnati Provincial Seminary, and has for its aim to furnish its pupils a thorough education under Catholic influences, and to fit them for any business or profession of life.

The infirmary, wardrobe and other domestic arrangements of the House, are in charge of the Sisters of Charity.

TERMS.—Board and Tuition (including washing, mending, &c.) payable half-yearly *in advance*.

Classical Course per session of ten months.....$1 75
Commercial " " " " 1 50

Music, if taught, will constitute an extra charge of $50 per session. Books and Stationery may be bought at the Institution.

The session opens on the 24th of August. The Institution has been honored with the cordial approbation of the Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell of Cincinnati and Most Rev. Archbishop Blanc of New Orleans.

Communication to be addressed to

REV. S. H. ROSECRANS, D.D.,
President.
ja6 3m

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ENCOURAGED by the Catholic Pastor of this place, Mr. SMITH begs to inform Parents and Guardians that he will take charge of a few Male Pupils, from the ages of seven to thirteen, or thereabouts. They will receive the kindest care, together with a sound Catholic and Commercial Education.

Terms:—$25 per Quarter, in advance.

Steamboat leaves Newark every hour up to 6 o'clock, P.M.

Mr. Smith has my warm approval and recommendation.

(Signed,) J. HOGAN,
Catholic Pastor.
ag28 tf

EDUCATION.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE,

WILMINGTON, DELAWARE.

THIS Institution is Catholic; the students are all carefully instructed in the principles of their faith and required to comply with their religious duties. It is situated in the northwestern suburbs of this city so proverbial for health; and from its retired and elevated position it enjoys all the benefit of the country air.

The best professors are engaged, and the students are at all hours under their care, as well in hours of play as in time of class.

The Scholastic year commences on the 16th of August, and ends on the last Thursday of June.

Terms:

The annual pension for Board, Tuition, Washing, Mending Linen and Stockings, and use of Bedding, paid half yearly in advance, is..... $150
For Students not learning Greek or Latin..... 135
Those who remain at the College during the vacation, will be charged extra..... 15
French, Spanish, German, and Drawing, each per annum..... 20
Music, per annum..... 40
Use of Piano, per annum..... 8

Books, Stationery, Clothes, if ordered, and in cases of sickness, Medicines and Doctors's Fees will form extra charges.

No uniform is required. Students should bring with them three suits, six shirts, six pair of stockings, four towels, and three pairs of boots or shoes, brushes, &c.

nov17 REV. P. REILLY, *President.*

SINSINAWA MOUND COLLEGE,

WISCONSIN.

THIS Institution, conducted by the Fathers of the Order of St. Dominic, is situated in the Southwest corner of the State of Wisconsin, ten miles from Galena, Illinois, and six from Dubuque, Iowa. It occupies the most healthy and picturesque site in the West.

The numerous Railroad and Steamboat routes in the West render it easy of access at all times.

The government is mild and paternal, and directed at all times to promote the Moral and Intellectual improvement of the Pupils.

The Collegiate Year consists of Two Sessions of five months each; the first commencing on the first Monday of September in each year, and ending on the Saturday after the first Monday of February; and the second beginning on the second Monday of February, and closing with a public Exhibition some time in the beginning of July.

Terms:

Board and Tuition per session.....$60 00
Stationery and Books..... 7 00
Washing, Bed and Bedding..... 10 00
Ancient and Modern Languages, Mathematics, Music, &c., form extra charges.

REV. J. T. JARBOE, O.S.D.,
sep19 1y *President.*

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No. 39 WEST FIFTEENTH STREET,

Between Fifth and Sixth Avenues,

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THIS College is conducted by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus.

The course of instruction is twofold—Classical and Commercial. The Classical course, which includes Natural and Moral Philosophy, is so conducted as to fit the Students for entering at the end of their studies, whatever liberal profession they may think proper to embrace. The Commercial department is destined to prepare young men for commercial pursuits.

For further information apply at the Institution.

MICHAEL DRISCOL, S. J.,
President.

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Under the Direction of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

IN its present new location, this Academy, owing to the labor taken to render everything as perfect as possible, affords all the inducements that can be desired in a Catholic institution.

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PARENTS and GUARDIANS will find this a very proper School for Pupils to receive a thorough English and Mercantile Education. Strict attention will be paid to their moral and religious instructions. Lowest terms for Board, Washing, and Tuition, $25 per quarter, payable in advance.

Rules and Regulations made known at the School.

ag29 tf JOHN MCKINNEY, *Principal.*

ACADEMY OF MOUNT ST. VINCENT,

NEW YORK.

THIS Institution is situated on 105th street, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues, near Harlem. The Scholastic Year will commence on the first Monday in September.

TERMS.—Board, Tuition and Washing per annum, payable half-yearly in advance, $160.

Music, Drawing, Painting, French, Spanish and German languages form extra charges. ag15 2m

TESTIMONIAL TO THOS. D'ARCY McGEE, ESQ.

THE Friends of THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE, Esq., propose to present him at an early day,—before the close of October,—with a substantial Testimonial of their confidence and regard; and with that intention the Committee, which has authorized the undersigned to make this public announcement of the fact, have already placed in the hands of the Treasurer (JAMES SADLIER, Esq.) the sum of NINE HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS, contributed spontaneously by a few gentlemen of this city. The list of contributors, as completed, will be made public on the occasion of the Presentation, of which due notice will be given.

M. P. RYAN,
Franklin House, Chairman.
JAMES SADLIER,
Cor. Notre Dame and St. Fts. Xavier sts., Treas.
JAMES DONNELLY,
sep26 6t McGill street, Secretary.

DEBTS DUE THE "AMERICAN CELT."

MR. JAMES MITCHELL, of the late Firm of McGEE & MITCHELL, will call on their friends in the Eastern States during the present month, to collect subscriptions due the *Celt* previous to 1st of January, 1857.

T. D. McGEE,
ag22 2m JAS. MITCHELL.

SHIPPING.

WILLIAMS & GUION'S OLD BLACK STAR LINE OF PACKETS.

1857.

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ATMOSPHERE,	Pray,	2,000
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BRIDEWATER (new),	Barstow,	2,000
CITY OF MOBILE,	Marshall,	2,000
CULTIVATOR (new),	Austin,	2,000
CYNOSURE,	Bray,	2,000
CORNELIA LAWRENCE (new),	Knapp,	2,000
DE WITT CLINTON,	Funk,	1,800
ENTERPRISE,	Davis,	1,200
GUY MANNERING,	Dollard,	2,000
JACOB A. WESTERVELT,	Hoodles,	2,000
IRENE,	Williams,	1,400
JOHN BRIGHT (new),	Cutting,	2,000
MARMION,	Hadley,	1,200
NORTH AMERICAN,	Clark,	1,000
NEW SHIP,	Freeman,	2,800
OSWEGO,	Stevens,	1,000
ROBERT KELLY,	Barstow,	1,540
SARATOGA,	Trask,	1,700
THORNTON (new),	Collins,	2,000
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UNIVERSE,	Cave,	2,000
VANGUARD,	Norton,	1,800

The Ships of this Line are the largest and swiftest in the trade, their accommodations for passengers are unequalled, and the frequency and punctuality of their departure offer advantages to the emigrant not to be had by any other Line of Packets. Such passengers as decline coming out, the money paid for them will be promptly refunded without discount.

Provisions of best quality are provided for passengers; rations, consisting of Bread, Flour, Rice, Oatmeal, Tea, Sugar, Molasses, Salt, &c.

The increased patronage received by the Proprietors of the Old Black Star Line has induced them to add to the Line several New Ships, which have taken their place this season; no expense has been spared to render the facilities for Emigration equal to the times, and add to the renown of these celebrated Packets.

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No Certificate of Passage will be issued for children under 12 years of age unless accompanied by an adult, who must be paid for on same certificate; for persons over 60 years of age, or with any impediment, without a Permit from Commissioners of Emigration.

Remittances.

Persons wishing to send money to their friends can obtain drafts for any amount, which will be cashed at sight at the following Banks:

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Scotland.—National Bank of Scotland and Branches.

England.—Messrs. GLYNN, MILLS & Co., Bankers, London; GUION & Co., Merchants, Liverpool.

For further particulars apply, if by letter, post-paid

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40 Fulton Street, New York.

GUION & CO.,
116 Waterloo Road, Liverpool.

Agents.—JNO. WHITNEY, Providence, R. I.
EDWARD RYAN, 2 Albany St., Boston.
THOMAS RATTIGAN, Pittsburgh, Pa.
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NEPTUNE (new), JAMES FOSTER (new).

Provisions of the best quality are provided for Passengers, and served out, at the rate *per week* of 2½ lbs. of Bread or Biscuit, 1 lb. Flour, 5 lbs. Oatmeal, 2 lbs. Rice, ½ lb. Sugar, ½ lb. Molasses, and 2 oz. Tea, to each Adult Passenger.

We issue Drafts at Sight for any amount on the *ROYAL BANK OF IRELAND AND DUBLIN,* And on

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Which are paid in all the towns and cities in Great Britain and Ireland, free of discount.

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" Darling & Co., Bankers, Green Bay, Wis.
" Darling, Wright & Co., do. Fond-du-Lac, Wis.
" Darling, Wright & Co., do. Menasha, Wis.
" A. & D. O'Brien, St. Louis, Mo.
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Mr. S. D. Hungerford, Banker, Adams, N. Y.
" E. B. Newkirk, Bank of Rondout, Rond't, N. Y.
" M. O'Grady, Canandaigua, N. Y.
" Bernard K. Fallon, Hartford, Conn.
" Michael Ivory, West Troy, N. Y.
" A. A. Cody, Middleton, Conn.
" Edward H. Bunker, Chicago, Ill.
" Patrick Morrissy, New Haven, Conn.
" P. Sheahan, Lowell, Mass.
" Thomas Keogh, Milwaukie, Wis.
" Patrick Dillon, Geneva, N. Y.

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BLACK STAR LINE

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Jeremiah Thompson,	Lucy Thompson,
Lady Franklin,	Webster,
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Conqueror,	Empire State,
America,	City of New York.

These ships are mostly new—having been built expressly for the Line—with superior accommodation for passengers—sailing punctually as advertised, and make remarkably short passages, and bringing out all our passengers promptly; and if they decline coming out, the passage money will be returned, as usual, without deduction.

Drafts at Sight can also be had on any amount on all the branches of the Bank of Ireland, and National Bank of Scotland; or R. G. Glynn & Co., Bankers, London, and on C. Grimshaw & Co., Merchants, Liverpool. Apply to

SAMUEL THOMPSON'S NEPHEW,
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